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Embellished with,

I. *A beautiful Engraving of* Dogs Fighting.
II. Death *of the* Fox, *an Etching.*

DOGS FIGHTING.

Painted by Mr. Cooper, and Engraved by Mr. Scott.

THE subject of this Engraving is noticed in our usual article, given in the present Number, on the Sporting Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy this year; and to which, for the sake of avoiding repetition, we beg leave to refer our readers.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1813.

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ON STABLING FOR A COUNTRY SEAT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last Number, you favoured the public with a very beautiful engraving of the Stabling at Errol House, the seat of John

H Lee

Lee Allen, Esq. which is contrived upon a plan, at once highly ornamental, and in the utmost degree contributory to real use and convenience; which may be made commensurate with, and becoming the highest scale of magnificence, or adapted to the prudential views of ornament, blended with economy.

It may not be improper to remark, and bring to recollection, that the *rotunda* form of stabling, was originally recommended about seventeen years since, by Mr. Lawrence, in the chapter on the Economy of the Stable, of his Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses; and most particularly, from his experience of the unspeakably great benefits of the loose stable, he strongly advised the novelty of converting, wherever it might be desirable, all the stalls of a stable into loose standings or boxes, by the addition of a gate at the entrance of each. Many other useful hints are given on the preservation of hay, and on the feeding, grooming, trimming, and management of most descriptions of the horse, with which no proprietor should be unacquainted, who desires to see through his own eyes, to enable himself to act from his own judgment, and to hold himself independent, both of the ignorance and imposition of servants. What have not gentlemen suffered, both in mind and pocket, from defect of precautions like these?

The passages in Mr. Lawrence's work, to which I chiefly point, are as follow:—

"The reader will have noticed my frequent warm recommendations of the loose stable, where the horse stands constantly untied, and at his liberty; a measure generally adopted in sporting stables, with horses lamed in their sinews, or having their legs swelled, and heated from work. Now as this measure is adopted, and found to be a useful remedy in such cases, why not make a constant custom of it as a preventive? It must surely have an unfavourable effect upon the joints and sinews, and the circulation even of the soundest and most vigorous horse, to stand so many hours constantly tied up in one position, with scarcely a possibility of exercising that muscular motion, intended by nature to accelerate the course of the animal juices, and prevent their becoming stagnant. It may be compared to sedentary habits in the human body, always productive of debility and disease. But if the being placed as a joint fixture with the manger, whilst within doors, be supposed to have an unfavourable effect on the health of a horse which is regularly worked or exercised, what must be the case of those which are scarcely led out of the stable once a week, even to take their water, and all the while kept full of hard meat? I put it to the indolent owners of humour-blind, greasy-heeled, and broken-winded horses, to answer that question.

"My proposed improvement is to convert every stall, over and above the larger boxes for particular occasions, into a loose stable, by placing two moveable bars at the bottom, to prevent the horse from passing his bounds; or should it be thought necessary, folding doors might be adopted to open inwards, that they might not intrench upon the liberty of the common gangway. A horse might then exercise himself in his stall,

by

by turning about, rolling and stretching his limbs at pleasure. All danger of being halter cast, which has proved fatal to so many horses, would be out of question. It would particularly benefit those dull and phlegmatic horses, which are observed almost constantly dozing with their heads over the manger, and such as are difficult to lie down. Stiff and greasy horses, which have not laid down for months, when tied up in a confined stall, upon being turned into a loose stable, well littered down with fresh straw, have been observed to begin pawing with their feet, and to throw themselves down almost immediately."—Some few pages farther, the author continues—

" I have often tasked myself to consider of a convenient, and at the same time, comprehensive plan of stabling, calculated for a country gentleman of moderate fortune, who might find it subservient to his interest, or his pleasure, to be pretty largely concerned in horses; a plan which might, in a considerable degree, be ornamental as well as useful to an estate. I think the *rotunda* form would conduce to these purposes. I suppose, a circular range of stabling externally, the internal compass of which should form a ride, covered in above, for the purpose of exercise in bad weather. The uncovered area, shut up from all intrusion, would make a most convenient yard for the various necessary occasions, including that of a good w... pond. Should the neighbourhood afford only hard, or indifferent water, the roof of the building might be contrived with a particular attention to catching rain water, the most pure and salubrious species, both for man and beast, which might be preserved sweet and good for months in a subterraneous cistern, according to the directions to be found in Mr. Marshall's Yorkshire Tour. In the circle it is proposed to include every appendage of the stable—lodging rooms for the grooms, granary, coach-house, smith's forge, surgery, warm baths, or whatsoever farther convenience, experience might suggest.

" Arbitrary custom rather than real necessity, has dictated to us the invariable use of hay-lofts, as well as immoveable racks and mangers. In the situation which I am supposing, no floors above the stabling are of absolute necessity, or if erected, need not be used merely as depositories of hay, but applied to any other useful purpose. The advantages of dispensing hay, fresh and fresh from the stack, are unspeakable. The horse not only has it in its highest state of perfection, in respect of flavour and nutritious juice, and before it has become soft and musty, or dry, and full of dust and filth, from being tumbled about in a hay chamber, but it is also necessarily administered with more care below, and in the light. The receptacles for hay might be below, and as some considerable quantity must be taken from the stack each time, to prevent too great trouble, it ought to be trussed close as for market. Whatever may be thought of this extra labour, I am convinced the saving in the quality of the hay, would be an ample compensation."

In a subsequent work of the same author, " The History of the Horse, and Character of the Race Horse," a drawing of his proposed *rotunda* for a suite of stabling was given, from which

H 2 that

that of Mr. Allen appears to have been copied.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO THE HORSE.

PERFORMANCES *of the* PRODUCE OF

QUEEN MAB.*

Continued from page 37.

OBERON, sold when young to Mr. John Hutchinson.—At Doncaster, 1793, *Oberon*, a feather, won the Doncaster Stakes of 140gs. four miles, beating Huby, 5 yrs old, 8st. Restless, 5 yrs old, 8st. and Yarico, a feather.—Six to 4 on Huby, and 4 to 1 agst Oberon. He also, at 5st. 10lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. four miles, beating Cayenne, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Ninety-three, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. Skypeeper, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Restless, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. Flora, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. and Chigwell, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.—Two to 1 agst Oberon, 5 to 2 agst Cayenne, and 5 to 1 agst Ninety-three, who was the winner of the St. Leger on the day before.—Oberon's winning the above races within one hour, and only three years old, against horses of different ages, was a feat never before performed by any one of that age.

On Monday in the York August Meeting, 1794, *Oberon*, 7st. 7lb. won a Subscription of 175gs. four miles, beating Yarico, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. Huby, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. and Tantaria, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.—Six to 4 on Huby, and 2 to 1 agst Oberon. And on Friday, he won the Subscription-Purse of 277l. 10s. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. four miles, beating Patriot, Yarico, Young Diomed, Rosalie, Camphore, and Champion:—Seven to 4 against Patriot, and 2 to 1 agst Oberon.

In 1795, *Oberon* was sold to Sir Charles Turner with *Hambletonian* and *Beningbrough*:—He started twice without winning, and being lame, was sold for a Stallion.—He covered in the neighbourhood of Yarm, until his death, which happened in March, 1809.—*Oberon* covered very few thorough-bred mares; notwithstanding, he got the dams of the Duke of Leeds's Octavian, by Stripling; Mr. Browne's (of Ireland) Pope, by Shuttle, &c. Also a great many valuable hunters.

LOGIE O'BUCHAN, at Manchester, May 15, 1799, won 50l. beating Applegarth and Cadet. And, at the same Meeting, he won 80l. four-mile heats, beating Garswood, Alderman, Thereabouts, and Rolliker. At Morpeth in September, he won two 50l. Plates; and at Carlisle in October, he won 50l. beating Duncan and Little Bob.

Logie O'Buchan was sold to Robert Fletcher, Esq. and in 1800, he won the King's Plate at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Montrose; and 50l. at Ayr.—In 1801, he won 50gs. and 50gs. at Edinburgh; twice 50l. at Dunfermline, also 50l. at Montrose.

At Lamberton, 1802, *Logie O'Buchan*, (rode by Mr. Johnstone) beat Mr. Fletcher's black poney, (rode by the owner) 100 yards, for 1000gs.—He also won a Purse at Edinburgh. He was

afterwards

* Queen-Mab died at Streatlam-Castle, not *Swaffham-Castle*, as stated in our last Number, page 36.

afterwards a Stallion in Scotland, where he died.

LETHE, (first called *Logie the Laird*) sold, when three years old, to Robert Fletcher, Esq.—At Newcastle, 1801, *Lethe*, 7st. 7lb. received forfeit from Bryan O'Lynn, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. two miles, 500gs. h. ft. At York Spring Meeting, 1802, *Lethe*, 7st. 7lb. beat Champion, 7st. 13lb. two miles, 1000gs.—Six to 1 on Lethe. In the same Meeting, he won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Wrestler, &c. At Edinburgh, at 8st. 6lb. he beat Antelope, 7st. 10lb. two miles, 1000gs. He also won a Purse of 100l. at Montrose. He was afterwards a Stallion.

REMEMBRANCER, at Catterick-Bridge, 1803, won a Sweepstakes of 80gs. two miles, beating Saxoni, Adam, Ellemere, &c.—He also received forfeit from Lord Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Abigail, two miles, 200gs. h. ft. At Newcastle, at 5st. 12lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, four miles, beating Adam, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. Stockton, 4 yrs old, and Necko, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. each :—Five to 4 on Remembrancer. At York August Meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of 370gs. two miles, beating Doncaster, Macmanus, Theophania, Discussor, and Miss Eliza Bull :—Two to 1 on Doncaster, and 5 to 1 agst Remembrancer. At Doncaster, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 150gs. two miles, beating Macmanus, Sir Oliver, the Brother to Stamford, Strap, Doncaster, Cæsario, &c.—Five to 2 agst Remembrancer, 3 to 1 agst Sir Oliver, 7 to 1 agst Macmanus, and 7 to 1 agst Doncaster.—The next day, at 6st. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. four miles, beating Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Little Joey, 3 yrs old, and Macmanus, 3 yrs old, 6st. each :—Two to 1 on Remembrancer.

At Newcastle, 1804, *Remembrancer*, 7st. 9lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, four miles, beating Alonzo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. Firelock, 3 yrs old, 6st. &c.—Five to 4 on Remembrancer, *who received that name after winning the Cup.* At York August Meeting, at 7st. 10lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. four miles, beating Susan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. Bagsman, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. Little Joey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. Ormond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. &c.—Even betting between Remembrancer and Susan.—Run in seven minutes and fifty seconds. In the same Meeting, he won one of the Great Subscription Purses of 268l. 15s. for four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. four miles, beating Ferguson, Doncaster, and Ducat :—Five to 2 on Remembrancer. And at Pontefract, he won a Sweepstakes of 110gs. each, four miles, beating Sir Charles.

Remembrancer started twice in 1805, but being lame, was sent to the Stud for a Stallion, and is the Sire of the following winners, viz. Benedict, Caroline, Clan-Alpine, Cornelius, Florette, Glendale, Herrington, Julian, Keepsake, Little John, Madrid, Master Ryby, Memento, Memory, Miss Platoff, Recollection, Recorden, Reflection, Running Peter, Souvenir, and of Lord Strathmore's chesnut colt, out of Beatrice, that won in 1812, 70l. at Durham, and the Silver Cup, value 60gs. with 60gs. in specie, at Newcastle.—He is also the Sire of the Brother to Benedict, one of the first favourites for the St. Leger Stakes in 1813.

WITCHCRAFT, in 1804, won 140gs.

140gs. at Catterick, and a Produce Stakes of 650gs. at York.—He was sold at Doncaster, to Lord Viscount Sackville, and in 1805, he won 175gs. at Maddington, 50gs. at Bibury, 50l. at Stockbridge, the King's Purses at Winchester and Salisbury; also 50gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket. In 1806, he won three times 200gs. at Newmarket, 180gs. at Maddington, also 80gs. and 15gs. at Salisbury. In 1807, he won 100gs. at Newmarket, and was sold to Mr. Martin.—In the same year, he won 50l. at Newbury, and twice 50l. at Blandford. In 1808, he won twice 50l. at Taunton, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Exeter. And in 1809, he won 50l. at Taunton; notwithstanding, he covered that season. He is now a Stallion at Houghton Down, near Stockbridge, Hampshire.

Yorkshire, at Boroughbridge, 1805, won the Gold Cup, value 110gs. three miles, beating Evander, Rochdale, &c.—He was sold, at Doncaster, to Lord G. H. Cavendish, who named him *Yorkshire*, and at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1806, at 8st. he beat Sir Launcelot, 8st. 5lb. Ditch-in, 200gs.—Seven to 4 on Sir Launcelot. In 1807, he received 100gs. from Czar Peter, at Bibury.

Cassio, at Newcastle, 1807, won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. four miles, beating Streamer, Smasher, and Brafferton:—Five to 4 agst Cassio.—In the same Meeting, at 7st. 12lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, four miles, beating Maida, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. Cramlington, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. Roseden, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. Lady Mary, aged, 8st. 9lb. &c.—Five and 6 to 4 against Cassio, and 7 to 4 agst Maida. At York, he won one of the great Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. for four-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. four miles, beating Shittlecock, Grazier, Thorn, the Prince's Trafalgar, and five others. —Seven to 4 agst Trafalgar, 5 to 2 agst Grazier, and 3 to 1 against Cassio.—At Doncaster, he won the King's Purse, four miles, beating Shittlecock, Delville, Luck's-All, and Superstition:—Five and 6 to 4 on Cassio. In York Spring Meeting, 1808, he won the Stand Plate of 50l. four miles, beating Grimaldi.—Three to 1 on Cassio. In York August Meeting, he was sold to Mr. Howorth, and at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1809, he received 50gs. from Delville.

Rememebrançe, by Sir Solomon. In April, 1809, she won 50l. at Catterick. At York August Meeting, at 8st. 1lb. she won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (twenty-one Subscribers) four miles, beating Theresa, 8st. 4lb. Delusion, 8st. 4lb. Charcoal, 8st. 4lb. and Bramble, 8st. 4lb.—Seven to 4 agst Theresa, and 13 to 5 agst Remembrance. At Carlisle, she won the King's Purse of 100gs. beating Hipswell-Lass. At Kelso and Caledonian Meeting, she won, on Wednesday, 50gs. beating Little Fanny:—On Friday, she won the Purse of 100gs. beating Penelope:—And on Saturday, she won 50gs. beating St. Andero and Silvio. At Stockton, 1810, she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, three miles, beating Ceres and Gamecock.—She also received a 10l. premium not to start for the 50l. Purse.—After which, she won the Purse of 100gs. at Dumfries, and was put out of training.

Queen

Queen Mab's other produce was very indifferent racers, and some of them never in training.

SPORTING QUERE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ON looking over your entertaining Miscellany, I met with the following at page 325, of the third volume, under the title of "*Extraordinary Equestrian and other Performances.*"

"August 15, 1756, Mr. Lamego's ch. h. at Barnet races, ran a mile in a minute, for a wager of 100 guineas, between Mr. Meredith and Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. He was allowed a minute and five seconds."

As this is a performance which may justly be deemed *extraordinary*, if any of your correspondents can furnish any information respecting this horse, with his pedigree, I shall feel obliged and gratified.—Your's, &c.

CAROLUS ARMIGER.

May 13, 1813.

THE ENGLISH BITCH AND THE ARMENIAN COLONEL;

A ludicrous Anecdote, from Cook's Voyages and Travels in Russia, in 1741.

AN accident happened here, which I cannot pass by without acquainting the reader of: An Armenian Lieutenant-Colonel took this safe opportunity to march with us to his regiment at Kizlaar. He, according to the custom of his country, did not ride in his uniform, but had clothes, which he thought more convenient for travelling, whose ends were gathered together, and tucked into a very large pair of breeches, something like the Hollanders, or Kalmucks. I had a bitch, the mother of my four greyhounds; she was very pretty, of the small breed: she had been brought up from a puppy, about the hospital at Astracan, and had an antipathy to the Armenian dress, though she was very gentle to people dressed in the European manner. On the contrary, with the Kalmucks, that used to pass by the hospital daily, she used to have many conflicts. This Colonel, among the rest, without changing his dress, went to pay his respects to Prince Galatzin, in his camp. The bitch was then tied in my sleeping waggon; she no sooner spied the Colonel, than, breaking her cord, she flew like lightning, and seized the back part of his breeches (small clothes), which she tore to pieces in an instant, leaving his posteriors to open view. The Colonel, in a desperate rage, drew his broad sword, and threatened destruction to my poor bitch; but she was well trained, and had been long accustomed to that sort of game. She was at a considerable distance before he was ready to make a stroke, and was preparing to renew the attack. The Colonel and his antagonist made so unexpected a piece of diversion, that the Prince and the rest of the gentlemen were ready to die with laughing. I was afraid that the Colonel, in his great rage, would have shot my bitch. I therefore lost no time in getting her secured, and soothing the Colonel: I told him the ill will she naturally bore to the dress he then wore,

wore, and begged him to dress in his uniform, as the creature would then be as gentle to him as to any other person. After his anger was a little over, he followed my advice, and he ever after took care to take the precaution to dress in his uniform before he left his waggon, or made his appearance in public. The Prince called the bitch, after this had happened, the *Disciplinarian.*

ACTION TO RECOVER THE KEEP OF A HORSE.

Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall, April 29; before Sir Vicary Gibbs, and a Special Jury.

Robson *v.* Innes.

THIS was an action for 325l. represented to be the price of keeping a riding-horse, belonging to the defendant, for six years.

The Counsel for the plaintiff represented, that his client was a livery stable-keeper, and the defendant a respectable merchant of the city of London. About six years ago, the latter employed the former to keep a riding horse for him at his stables, which he accordingly did; but was unfortunate enough to receive no remuneration down to the present period, which was the reason that he had brought the present action.

Mr. Serjeant Best, on the defence, said, that his client purchased the horse in question for the purpose of comforting himself, now and then, with a view of the country, and valued him at a hundred guineas. He gave him into the custody of the plaintiff, with directions to treat him well, and all expences should be paid. Being seldom on horseback, his steed had abundance of ease, and therefore he conceived that it might be proper to give him a trot to Barnet, whither he was sending his servant with a letter. By this servant he sent a note to the plaintiff, desiring him to deliver the horse into his custody; but on perusing this note he manifested considerable hesitation, and at length complying, caused the horse to be led out of the stable, and saddled under a dark archway; and the messenger mounting, proceeded towards Barnet. On his way, however, he found the horse exceedingly lame, and apt to stumble; and alighting, found on examination that his back was much bruised, and his head and fore knees severely cut. Having accomplished the purposes of his journey, he delivered the horse to the stable-keeper, and on going home informed his master of the condition of his horse. The defendant immediately dispatched this servant to the plaintiff with a verbal message, desiring him to dispose of, or do any thing that he might think fit with the horse, for he would have no more to do with him. This was between four and five years ago; and since that period the defendant had never claimed the horse, or acknowledged that he had him in keeping. This, he conceived, was a full answer to the action.

The Counsel for the plaintiff maintained, that the message in question was not an absolute renunciation of future right; had it been intended as such, it would have been in writing.

Mr. Justice Gibbs summed up the case to the Jury, who immediately *nonsuited* the plaintiff.

A CHAP-

A CHAPTER ON STAGE-COACHES, &c.

IT will not be necessary here to enter into any thing like a voluminous history of stage coaches, and the various Acts of Parliament passed for their regulation, I mean this but as a cursory glance at their present *improved* state; the last Act that was passed, would appear to have been framed rather by a committee of coach proprietors, than by a Committee of the House of Commons; for it looks not so much to the safety of the public, as to the interest of the proprietors; it states a limitation to the number of outside passengers, which limitation allows as many as can be stowed on the coach, besides the coachman and guard; in some cases *ten*, and I believe in others *thirteen*; but often, when there is an understanding between the *honest turnpike men* and the coachman, even a greater number than that is carried; and this understanding is pretty general at every gate.

I had the *pleasing* satisfaction of being overturned a few months since, by a *light coach*; that is, it carried only *four* inside, but *ten* on the outside, besides heavy luggage, weighing as much or more than the people on it. When the accident to which I allude happened, the coach was fully loaded outside, and had but two and a child inside: While we were going at a gentle rate, and on a good road, over went the coach, and the ten persons, together with the heavy luggage, lay mingled in the dust. Most fortunately, I may almost say miraculously, no one was seriously hurt; upon examination, it appeared that the screws, three in number, which held the principal front spring, had given way and occasioned the accident; but it must be noticed, that two of them had evidently been broken a considerable time, for they were even becoming rusty at the divided part, so that one side of the coach depended on a single screw, and that not above a quarter of an inch in diameter; here is a most glaring neglect. surely it is not too much trouble to have the essential parts of a stage coach examined after every journey! Upon naming this to one of the proprietors on the road, (for another coach was procured, and we proceeded on our journey), he replied, with a sort of satisfactory reference to his own care, "Ah! Sir, they never look to these things as they ought in London." All the rest of the way great care seemed to be taken by the coachman to prevent the accident being known; this was natural, or, perhaps, a better term would be, artful. In these cases, the greatest wonder is, not that the accidents happen, but that they do not happen oftener; a very narrow coach, upon rather slight wheels, which *may not* carry more than *four* insides, and which mostly has not above two in it, owing to the prevalence of riding outside, is loaded on the top with *ten* passengers, the coachman and guard, and an immense quantity of luggage; which, besides its preponderating weight, is an intolerable inconvenience to the traveller; I have been more annoyed by the sharp corner of a box bumping against me at every jolt of the coach, than by dust, heat, rain, or even a loquacious ignorant fellow passenger; and certainly if ten persons are to be carried on the roof of a coach, no luggage ought to be placed

placed there, either to annoy them, or help to overturn it.

There is a most uncomfortable annoyance usually practised by the Greenwich stage coachmen, and so by the other short stages; they insist on cramming four on the front of the coach, while on their boxes, which are very wide, within a very few inches as much so as the roof, they carry but one besides themselves; if you remonstrate, the Act of Parliament is saucily thrown in your face; they are not allowed to carry more on the box, but they *are* allowed (they say the act expressly stipulates it), to carry four on the front of the roof; if so, it is vain to complain; we are legally squeezed, and it is not the only instance in which we are so.

Thus much, relative to coaches and their loading, might admit of some regulation: but Acts of Parliament, in their voluminous anxiety to do much, generally do but little, and are always so contrived as to leave some hole for their enactments to be evaded, and for the evaders of them to creep out at. But there are a variety of other circumstances, incident to travelling, which cannot be embraced by an Act of Parliament: One of these is, the very frequent change of coachmen and guards; this is by no means a light tax on the traveller's pocket; if an inside passenger, half-a-crown is expected by both coachman and guard; if it is not given, you are set down as a shabby fellow, while a shilling is looked at by them with a sort of indifference, as if it were hardly worth acceptance. These gentlemen contrive matters thus: if a coachman has to drive forty or fifty miles, instead of going through, he drives half way, meets the other coach, makes his collection, and returns to the place from whence he came, and then collects again; his comrade coachman doing the same. Another vexing thing, is the perpetual delays coachmen make *for their own* accommodation, and the murmuring there is if a passenger should want them to stop a moment for *his*.

But all the blame must not attach to the coachmen; the proprietors are fairly entitled to their share; they are most frequently innkeepers on the road, and whether the time or distance suits or not, breakfast, dine, and sup, at their inns you must; it is fair to suppose that if they have a share in a coach, they ought to have the preference in these matters; and to let them, provided they charge as reasonably, (though reasonable charges are almost out of the question now), and give as good provisions as their neighbours; but it is rather too much to be dragged twenty-six miles before you can get a breakfast; and yet this is done every day on the road from Portsmouth, which town you leave at six o'clock, and after a tedious stage of eighteen miles, over hunger-giving hills and downs to Petersfield, where you fully expect your breakfast, and are as fully prepared to enjoy it, you are informed upon getting down, and in the moment of felicitating yourself on the approach of a comfortable meal, that you have not three minutes to spare, as they only change horses there, and go eight miles further, to Liphook, where the proprietor's inn is, and where they will allow you a sufficient time to breakfast, but not before. By the time you reach this place, it is half past ten o'clock, and you are fairly worn out and ill for want of your morning meal. Surely,

Surely, if the passengers chose to stay and breakfast at Petersfield, it would become the coachman's duty to wait a reasonable time for them, as in all these cases the comfort and convenience of the passengers should be consulted, and not that of either the proprietors or coachmen.

J. M. L.

SCENE,

FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF "EDUCATION."*

Present Mr. Templeton, Mrs. Templeton, Damper, and Aspic.

(Sir Guy Stanch without). GET out of my way, you rascal!—I've been insulted.

Mr. T. Sir Guy Stanch quarreling with my servant.

Enter Sir Guy Stanch.

Sir Guy. Jerry, keep the hounds back—for the confounded perfumes in these rooms might spoil the dogs' noses. I've been insulted, I say.

Mr. T. The man that has unjustly offended you, Sir Guy, shall instantly turn out from my——

Sir G. *(slapping him on the shoulder.)* Then turn out directly, for you are the man.

Mr. T. I!—

Sir G. Yes. A tenant of yours, by your order it seems, tried to prevent my galloping over his corn and turnips.

Damp. What, stop a baronet full cry!—unheard-of outrage!—

Sir G. He stop me!—no—no—I rode over the rascal.

Mr. T. If satisfaction is to be made, I think, Sir Guy, my poor tenant has some small claim to it from you.

Sir G. Sir, my family never gave satifaction to any body—they rode where they liked, and did what mischief they liked; and while your profit and loss forefathers were weighing an ounce of nutmegs, the Sir Guy Stanch's roasted their oxen whole, and brewed twenty bushel to the hogshead. *(Sees Mrs. Templeton.)* Soho! Sarvant, Ma'am—should not have given tongue so loud, had I known you were present—'Tis not reckoned mannerly to take away the talk from the ladies.

Mrs. T. Yet, Sir Guy, I'll wave my privilege, if you will have the goodness to explain how this happened.

Sir G. With the greatest pleasure, Ma'am!—You see we were all at fault—

Mrs. T. Oh, if you own the fault—

Sir G. Zounds, no, Ma'am—no!—You're a fine creature, but 'tis your misfortune to know but little of fox-hunting.

Mrs. T. In pity to that misfortune, instruct me.

Sir G. The pack had overrun the scent—*(with earnestness)*.

Mrs. T. Aye, now I see how it is.

Sir G. Huntsman, says I, try back—make a cast.

Asp. To be sure.

Sir G. How beautifully they spread!—*(with enthusiasm)*.

Asp. Yes—*(encouraging him.)*

Sir G. Mind that old hound—how he feathers—how he flings for the furze brake—it holds the fox—they view him—there's a chorus—where are your pains and megrims now, my boys!

Asp. Aye, where indeed.

Sir G. How they carry the

* See account of this Comedy in our last Number, page 4.

scent—how they strain—crack goes the hedge! Damn the turnips—nothing but the cover can save him—he gains it—rush they all go in—not a skirter among them—how terribly they press—they are on him—they have him—who whoop—huntsman, my old boy!—*(In his enthusiasm he forgets every thing but the chase, and slaps Mrs. Templeton on the shoulder, who faintly screams)* Eh! what, where—what a blunder!—To the very ground, madam, I humbly ask pardon; I was—

Asp. In a wood.

Sir G. Yes, ma'am, in a wood.

Mrs. T. Excuse my foolish exclamation, Sir Guy, but really I never was in at the death before.

Temp. To attempt to control such enthusiasm would only imply greater insanity.—Sir Guy, your amusements shall receive no further hindrance from me.

Sir G. Give me your hand; you're a good-natured fellow, and I dare say you have quite forgot what I said about the nutmegs, so we need not mention it, you know.——I declare, madam, I thought I was among a parcel of dogs worrying a fox—instead of which I am among—*(pointing to the books)*.

Asp. A parcel of authors worrying one another.

Sir G. You seem, Sir, to understand that sort of hackle.

Damp. A literary whipper-in, Sir.

Mrs. T. I ought to apologize for seeing company in Mr. Templeton's book-room—but the other apartments are in a sad disorder.—We find people so very dilatory—don't we, my dear? *(Templeton and Damper exchange looks)*.

Sir G. The room's an excellent room, for it not only contains garnish for the head—but solid pudding—*(striking the iron chest with his whip)*. I'll warrant you this strong box contains something better than the nutmegs I was so unmannerly as to mention, eh, Templeton!

Mrs. T. Nutmegs, indeed!—*(aside)* Now for a little tiny white fib, to give the brute an idea of our consequence.—Certainly, Sir Guy, a piece of furniture containing fifty thousand pounds is no contemptible ornament to any room. *(Templeton starts)*.

Damp. *Asp.* *Sir G.* } *(To Templeton.)* Fifty thousand pounds!

Temp. *(Embarrassed, with a forced smile.)* I will not contradict a lady.

Asp. *(aside.)* Devilish hard if I have not a dip into that spice-box.

Damp. This has relieved my heart from an oppression almost unsupportable. *(With great alacrity)* Templeton, your hand.—Aspic, I'll try to tolerate you.—Madam, the magic of your tongue has outwitched the enchantment of your eye.—Sir Guy, I think it very likely I may break my neck fox-hunting with you.

Sir G. Sir, I shall be happy to shew you sport.

Damp. For the present, adieu!—I'll soon return.

Mrs. T. But when?

Damp. *(bowing.)* Oh, to-morrow. [*Exit.*

(Templeton and wife talk together, Templeton irritated.)

Sir G. Egad, a bright thought, and then I shall have the whole country to hunt over.—Templeton, you have a son, I have a daughter: what say you to a match:

Temp. *(with embarrassment).* Your proposal, Sir Guy, does honour to my son and me.

Sir

Sir G. That's hearty.

Temp. What have I done? assented to a falsehood? What could occasion Damper's extraordinary conduct? Perhaps he has not yet left the house.—I'll own—what a lie!—where shall I hide my shame? [*Exit.*

Sir G. So, ma'am, I sent my girl Nell to Mrs. Polish's tip-top school, to learn how to behave when company comes, and do the chattering part properly, and make the punch, and so forth.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your servant has brought this letter, Sir.

Sir G. (*breaking the seal*) From Mrs. Polish, I declare, "Expect your daughter's arrival."—I must be off full gallop. "Receive her with pride, Sir Guy, for you will find her *aufait*——"

Asp. We say aufa.

Sir G. Yes; I know "aufa of astronomy, botany, chemistry, history, geography, geology, philology, and chronology"—'tis odd among so many ologies not to find theology.—I have drawn on you for—(*whistles*) 530l.

Mrs. T. Very moderate, indeed.

Sir G. Moderate! Why zounds, ma'am, my dogs don't stand me in the money.

Mrs. T. Oh, fie, Sir Guy; you really must modernize, and benefit by the rapid advances daily made in sentiment, spirit, refinement—

Sir G. Roguery.

Mrs. T. Ha! ha!—Yes, their modern refinement is peculiarly conspicuous. Formerly you were plundered in dismal forests illumined by the lightning's glare—you now suffer in perfumed drawing-rooms, beneath the mild irradiation of Chinese lamps.—Instead of daggers and poison, you are now presented with ice-creams and wafer biscuits; the crimson field of slaughter is converted into a square yard of superfine green cloth; and the appalling cry of your life, your treasure, is mellifluously modernized into—Can you one—or pam, be civil.—Ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Asp. Bravo! ha! ha!

Sir G. Sir, I shall be happy to see you at Tantivy Hall, for I am afraid Nell and I will want an interpreter—and as you seem au—au (*peeps slily at the letter*) aufaut of these matters.

Asp. (*aside*) An heiress fresh from Mrs. Polish's hands—no difficult conquest. Sir Guy, I'll wait on you with pleasure.

Sir G. That's hearty! 'Tis Liberty Hall—We dine at three; and if you an't there to a moment you'll lose your dinner—and you have only to drink one bumper to fox-hunting, and another to the girl of your heart, and then you do as you like. I'll leave for you my famous horse Somerset.—Jerry, let the hounds loose.

Asp. Is the road intricate?

Sir G. Oh! Somerset won't trouble you with the road—he'll across the country as straight as a rifle. (*Horns sound without*). There's heavenly music!—Yoix! [*Exit.*

Asp. There he goes:—if his feed is as excellent as his cattle, and his daughter as high-bred, no bad speculation.

BOXING.

BELCHER AND DOGHERTY.

A Battle took place between the above pugilists, on Friday, the 23d of April, on the Curragh, Ireland; the cause of which is stated to

to have originated in the following circumstances:—

Dogherty had been some time in Ireland, teaching the science of boxing; and Belcher having made a voyage thither from Liverpool, gave *lessons* also; and his fame having been so bruited abroad, as a pattern of science in the *milling* art, Dogherty lost many of his patrons, and with real Hibernian spirit, nothing less than combat real, with his formidable opposer, would satisfy him.

The battle was fought in a valley or glen on the Curragh, surrounded by sloping hills, forming almost an Amphitheatre, which afforded the numerous spectators (who all sat down) the most ample gratification by a distinct view of the combatants.—A subscription purse of one hundred guineas, was previously collected by the gentlemen of the turf, to be given to the victor.

Before the enclosure was complete, Belcher appeared within the intended space, dressed in a remarkably large rug coat; Dogherty during this time remained in a post-chaise close by. Shortly before the enclosure was completed, Belcher returned to a barouche in which he had arrived, and then undressed; in the interim, Dogherty quitted his chaise and entered the enclosure, dressed in a large box coat, and instantly on entering threw up his hat in the air, exclaiming, *Ireland for ever!* which was immediately re-echoed by the surrounding multitude with shouts of applause. During this transaction, Belcher again entered the enclosure, and, after bowing respectfully to the spectators, prevailed on a gentleman, that had been appointed the Umpire, to state to the public, that he (Belcher) had been informed it had been insinuated, that *he* had made some observations prejudicial to the Irish nation: this he begged leave to assure the public was a *falsehood*, and that he would fight any man that asserted to the contrary. After this explanation, the combatants threw off their coats, and the usual ceremony of them and their seconds (Hall and Gamble) shaking hands, having taken place; the set-to commenced at one o'clock. During this preparation, the greatest anxiety seemed to be depicted in the countenance of every beholder. The odds at setting to, were two to one on Belcher—but bets were not to be had.

THE BATTLE.

1st Round.—Much sparring; they both made a hit at the same instant. Belcher's blow was on Dogherty's face, which cut his lip. Belcher called out "first blood," as there were very considerable sums pending on that circumstance. Dogherty's blow was on Belcher's left ear. Several other blows were exchanged, when they closed, and both fell; Belcher under.

2. Both made play round the square, much good fighting, they closed, Belcher thrown, but not injured; after throwing Belcher, Dogherty offered to bet 100 to 10, which was not attended to.

3. Good sparring; an exchange of three or four blows took place; Dogherty lost his temper, received some punishment about the face, and was thrown.

4. Very hard fighting; Belcher's superiority of science evident; Dogherty severely hit about the face and mouth, and knocked down.

5. Dogherty cautious; some hard blows exchanged; this round ended in Belcher's being thrown.

6. Good

6. Good sparring; seven or eight very severe hits, mostly about the head, put in by Belcher; both closed and fell.

7. Both made play; Belcher getting an opening, planted one desperate body blow, on which Dogherty went down.

8. Dogherty in this round had considerably the worst of the battle; received severe punishment, having his eye closed, mouth and lips split, and bleeding profusely; Belcher gave him a severe blow in the throat, on which he fell.

9. Belcher punished his adversary much this round, which ended in knocking him down; shewed great evenness of temper in disengaging himself from Dogherty; tapped him kindly on the side of the head.

10. Belcher fought with greater gaiety, and after putting in eight or ten severe blows, closed, was thrown by Dogherty, but not injured.

11. A very severe round; much hard fighting; Dogherty planted a severe hit on Belcher's left eye; though much punished himself, threw Belcher under the rope.

12. Most desperate fighting; Belcher planted a severe blow on the neck of Dogherty, which knocked him down; he appeared unable to rise for a few seconds, and bled profusely.

13. Belcher put in several severe hits in the face of Dogherty; knocked him down, after which he lay some seconds insensible.

14. This round was equally severe; Belcher threw Dogherty, and fell on him.

15. Dogherty, though much beaten, shewed game—rallied, but Belcher planted a severe hit under the eye, and knocked him down.

16. Dogherty made play; Belcher planted several severe hits, closed and fibbed him, and finished as he did in almost all the rounds, by knocking him down.

17. Belcher, in this round, received three or four severe body blows, but he closed, and threw Dogherty.

18. A good rally; Belcher missed throwing Dogherty; both fell.

19. Dogherty sparred with caution, gave Belcher a severe body blow; Belcher thrown by a trip.

20. Belcher's science and length of arms now proved superior—he punished his adversary this round much in the face, who fell under him.

21. Dogherty, who was by this time well beaten, received several more severe blows about the face and head; he was now covered with blood, and knocked down.

22. Dogherty shewed a great deal of spirit; made several blows at Belcher's body, all of which were well stopped; Belcher threw him, and fell with him.

23. Dogherty received his usual punishment in the face and neck this round; but closed, and threw Belcher on his hip.

24. Much sparring; Belcher gave Dogherty several severe blows in the face, received a few on the body himself, but closed, and gave Dogherty a severe fall, after which he lay some seconds insensible.

25. Belcher punished Dogherty most severely this round, and with a desperate blow under the left jaw, knocked him down.

26. Dogherty, notwithstanding having received to this round a dreadful milling, shewed pluck, and made a furious rally, in which he was severely punished; Belcher threw him, and fell on him; he lay to rise no more without assistance,

ance, and after some time elapsed, being bled in both arms, was carried in his own great coat, and lifted, to all appearance lifeless, into the post-chaise, to be taken home to his bed.

Belcher immediately threw a somerset, and went off to town in the barouche with his friends, without any material injury. The Marquis of Sligo immediately subscribed five guineas for the beaten man, as did all the other gentlemen more or less, and Belcher subscribed himself one guinea. We understand the collection amounted to 70 or 80l.

The battle lasted thirty-five minutes.

OLIVER AND COOPER.

A tremendous battle was fought on Saturday, the 15th instant, at Moulsey Hurst, for a handsome subscription purse, between Oliver, the gardener, a pugilist inferior to none on the boxing list, who beat Ford, and Cooper, a powerful and promising young man, who last beat Lancaster.

Much sporting speculation had been excited, and many thousands were present. Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin seconded Oliver, and Richmond and Jones the latter.—Betting six to four on Oliver.

Round 1. Oliver made a right-handed hit, which was returned upon the body, and a smart rally ensued with equal advantages. The men closed, but disengaged, and renewed the rally, when Cooper planted a smart hit on his adversary's neck, but it was powerfully returned, and in a trial of strength Oliver was thrown.

2. Cooper made play by a hit at the head, but Oliver returned very smart upon him, and then threw him.—Two to one on Oliver.

3. Each upon their mettle rallied, and a fine round took place, in which much good fighting and hard hitting was displayed with reciprocal advantages. Oliver got his adversary's head under his left arm at the latter part of the round, and fibbed him to great advantage, and threw him. Cooper manifested weakness.

4. This was a gallantly contested round, decidedly in favour of Cooper; which brought betting even. In rallying, Cooper gave his adversary a smart left-handed hit, and as Oliver was going in he was met by a well-measured hard blow with the right hand between the ear and the jaw; he went down comparatively lifeless.

5. Cooper maintained his advantages again in this round, which was obstinately contested in a most courageous rally. Cooper showed himself a good two-handed fighter, and he hit his adversary to the ropes, and threw him.—Even betting.

6. Cooper again made play, and Oliver seemed to have not recovered the stupifying effects of the injury he sustained by the blow in the fourth round. This round was also most manfully contested in a courageous rally, rather to the advantage of Cooper, who got his man down.

7. Oliver received a smart blow on the eye on commencing a rally, and after an exchange of several blows he was thrown.

8. Cooper fell off in this round, and never recovered. Oliver had got better, and he had the best of a smart and long rally, and Cooper went down very weak.

9. Cooper planted a good body blow,

blow, and got away, but Oliver pursued steadily, and had the best of the round. Cooper was thrown.

10. In this round, Oliver having reduced his adversary, he went in to win off hand, and he knocked him down.——Five to one on Oliver.

11. Cooper made every manly effort to check his adversary's career, and a good round was fought, in which Oliver displayed much steady courage and firm resolution, and again knocked down his man.

In the 12th and 13th rounds, the latter of which finished the battle in seventeen minutes, Cooper was so beat that he could not stand up, and Oliver was declared the victor.

This was the best fought battle which has occurred for a long time. Oliver is astonishingly improved; he is a two-handed, cool, steady fighter, with much science, and his game never was excelled; his confidence was never shaken by the disadvantages he met with in the fourth and two following rounds.—Cooper is also a brave man, and a very fine hitter; he never fought publicly before but with Lancaster, but he will rank amongst the first on the boxing list, being an athletic young man of determined courage. He did not appear to possess confidence equal to his antagonist, but he is yet very little behind him in any of the requisites necessary to become a first-rate boxer.

Another battle was fought, between Ballard, a little Westminster pugilist, and Hearns, a good man, about his own weight; it was as well contested as the former one, and lasted three quarters of an hour, when Ballard was beat.—Jones and Cropley seconded the winner, and Baldwin and Silverthorne the loser.

A third battle took place, not worth noticing. The ring, which was eighteen feet, was deluged in blood, and the champions were covered with bruises and glory.

EXTRACTS
FROM
DR. PARKINSON'S TREATISE,
ON THE
MANAGEMENT OF PARTURIENT ANIMALS.

THE Dr. most truly and rationally observes in his introduction, that " Midwifery, has obtained an elevated station amongst the sciences; and may, on the whole, be said, very justly, to be the best digested, and most matured branch of medical knowledge. But, in this exalted state, it is confined within the pales of medical practice; its benefits have not yet been extended beyond the human race of females. The lamentable consequences of a treatment combined of ignorance and temerity, and too often of cruelty, in the sufferings of Parturient Animals, are still proverbial; and it is still somewhat singular that neither the improved sensibility of human feelings, nor the more cogent incentive of interest, have ever yet made one effort to supplant it.—The increased value of animals, that fall under the domination of cattle, is an additional motive for the exertion of science and art for their preservation, as well as for their improvement. It admits of no doubt,

doubt, but that, if one half of the mothers, and two thirds of the young that are now lost in Parturition, can be saved, it will be esteemed a great individual benefit, and of course an important national advantage.

"Such considerations induced the author to begin this work; and the encouragement he has met with, from the good opinion of several, whose judgment he cannot too highly value, led him chearfully on in its execution.

"As this work will probably fall into the hands of many who are unacquainted with the meaning of some of the terms of art unavoidably made use of, a table of explanation is subjoined."

"*Diseases to which Animals are liable subsequent to Delivery.*

"When, a few days after delivery, the mother is seized with a coldness and shivering, succeeded by heat and a white tongue, with tenderness and swelling of the belly, it must be considered a dangerous disease; and the more especially if accompanied with a deficiency of milk; and, unless the most appropriate medical treatment be adopted, it is almost sure to prove fatal.

"In the very beginning, bleeding should be had recourse to somewhat freely; but, afterwards, it is not to be admitted. For though the disease is inflammatory, the quality of the inflammation is erysipelatous; and this inflammation always terminates either by resolution or by gangrene; and, though bleeding will be found a useful remedy early in the disease, or on the inflammatory accession, yet later, it will more strongly induce gangrene.

"Gently purging, and cooling medicines, are chiefly to be relied on; and, in this case, they should be exhibited by the mouth, as the whole intestinal canal will partake of the disease, and should be gently emptied; the action of the purging medicines may, however, be promoted by the occasional use of clysters, and the belly should be frequently fomented with flannels wrung out of hot water.

"So soon as the bowels are emptied, the cooling draughts should be administered every three or four hours, and, at night, an opiate should suffice till early the next morning, when the cooling draughts should be repeated.

"The bowels should still be kept open, by a little castor oil or mild aperients, the cooling draughts continued through the day, and the opiate repeated at night.

"On the third or fourth day after the commencement of the disease, the cooling regimen should be discontinued, and lightly cordial and antiseptic draughts substituted.

"If the bowels should be too loose, or a diarrhæa come on, which is by no means uncommon, it should be restrained by opiates and astringents, exhibited both by the mouth and clysterwise.

"Whenever there is not a sufficient discharge of urine, the catheter should be introduced into the bladder.

"Another disease to which animals are liable, subsequent to parturition, is that of inflammation of the Mammæ, or the bag; known by heat, pain, and hardness, accompanied with obstructed discharge of milk, which is generally thick and stringy; this last symptom,

tom, however, is to be considered an effort rather than a cause of inflammation.

"This disease is inflammatory, but of a different quality to that last noticed; it is phlegmonous inflammation, and terminates by either resolution, suppuration, or gangrene. One or the other of the first two are to be preferred, and the first to the second.

"If timely discovered, the remedies approved for the reduction of phlegmonous inflammation are plainly indicated, such as bleeding, purging, cooling medicines, and the external application of cold saturnine lotions, taking care to empty the bag of its milk three or four times a day.

"If, however, it be known, by sudden enlargement of one particular part, with increased tenderness and redness, that suppuration is begun, the remedies approved for the promotion of that process should be adopted. The bowels kept moderately open by aperients, the administration of lightly cordial draughts, the external application of linseed poultice, after the parts have been fomented, appear to me best calculated to bring it into a state fit for opening. So soon as there appears a prominence in the tumor, and a fluctuation can plainly be felt, it should be opened with a sharp instrument, taking care as much as possible to avoid the teats, or the ducts leading to them; and to direct the incision so as to afford a favourable drain for the discharge.

"It should then be dressed with any mild ointment spread upon lint, very gently and easily introduced into the opening, but not so as to plug it up, and the poultice applied over all.

"These dressings should be removed twice a day, until the swelling and tenderness subside, then the application of some adhesive plaister will be sufficient for the remainder of the cure; taking care, at all times, to place it so as to admit of the discharge running off, removing it often. Should the parts, at any time, appear disposed to inflame, the application of a saturnine lotion, over the plaister, will be found very serviceable.

"If, instead of an abscess forming, the whole substance of the bag becomes hard, large, less tender to the touch, and of a livid colour, there will be danger of it running into gangrene; warm stimulating fomentations and poultices should be applied immediately, and the animal's strength supported by warm aromatic and tonic medicines.

"It will commonly, though slowly, terminate by these means, through the process of suppuration; or sometimes a part only will run into gangrene. The remedies just recommended must be persisted in until the gangrenous parts begin to separate from the living; and then, the treatment recommended for suppuration should be adopted."

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES

Of the celebrated Racer,

DECEIVER.

DECEIVER was bred by the Right Hon. Lord Stawell, and foaled in 1803.

He is own Brother to *Ring-tail*, *Pantina*, and *Invalid*, by Buz-

Buzzard;* his dam by Trentham; grandam, *Cytherea*, (own Sister to Drone), by King Herod; grandam, *Lily*, (own Sister to Jethro), by Blank; *Peggy*, by Cade, out of an own Sister to the famous *Widdrington* Mare, by Partner, Bloody-Buttocks, &c.

At Brighton, 1806, *Deceiver* won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (three Subscribers) 8st. each, the last mile, beating Lord Sackville's Clermont:—Even betting and 5 to 4 on Clermont.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. he received 30gs. compromise from Knee-Buckle, 8st. 2lb. R. M. 100gs. h. ft.

At Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 1807, *Deceiver*, 8st. received 50gs. compromise from Ferdinand, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. Ab. Mile, 100gs.—And next day, he beat Sir C. Bunbury's Snug, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. each, Two-year-Olds' Course, 50gs.—Eleven to 8 on Deceiver.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1808, *Deceiver*, 8st. 9lb. won the Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, (fifteen Subscribers) Across the Flat, beating Cecilia, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. Juniper, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. Osiris, 3 yrs old, 8st. Vanity, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Romeo, 3 yrs old, 8st. Hawk, 3 yrs old, 8st. Brainworm, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. Pavilion, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. Pelisse, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. and three others:—The first three were only placed.—Three to 1 agst Brainworm, 7 to 2 agst Pavilion, and 4 to 1 agst Deceiver, who won cleverly. And on Wednesday, at 9st. he won the Subscription-Purse of 50l. T. Y. C. beating Mr. Gundy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Clasher, 4 yrs old, 9st. Bullrush, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Snug, 4 yrs old, 9st. Pagoda, 4 yrs old, 9st. Clorinda, 2 yrs old, 7st. &c.—The three first were only placed.—Six and 7 to 4 agst Deceiver, who won easy. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. he beat Ferdinand, 6st. 13lb. Ab. M. 100gs.—Five to 2 on Deceiver, who was then sold to Lord Sackville for 1000gs. In the First October Meeting, at 8st. 10lb. he beat Pembroke, 8st. Ab. M. 100gs.—Seven to 4 on Deceiver. And in the same Meeting, at 8st. 3½lb. he beat Mouse, 7st. 12lb. T. Y. C. 200gs.—Eleven to 8 on Mouse. In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Vanity, 8st. T. Y. C. 50gs.—Eleven to 8 on Deceiver. And the same day, at 8st. 11lb. he beat Burleigh, 7st. Ab. M. 200gs.—Five and 6 to 4 on Deceiver. In the Houghton Meeting, at 8st. 4½lb. he beat very easy Election,† 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Abingdon Mile,

* Buzzard was got by Woodpecker; his dam, *Misfortune*, by Dux, out of *Curiosity*, by Snap, Regulus, Bartlett's Childers, Honywood's Arabian, Byerley Turk.—*Buzzard* was an uncommon good runner, and very speedy.—He was the Sire of Brainworm, Bronze, Bustard, Castrel, Currycomb, Dotterel, Dreadnought, Fanny, Hawk, Hornby-Lass, John O'Gaunt, Merryman, Pantaloon, Pet, Popinjay, Quiz, Rubens, Selim, Sophia, Surprise, Vanity, Yellow Hammer, &c.—In 1804, Mr. Wilson sold *Buzzard* for 500gs. to go into America, which deprived this country, as it was afterwards proved, of a very valuable Stallion.

† Election was an uncommon good runner, viz. in 1807, he won the Derby Stakes of 1175gs. beating Giles Scroggins, and eleven others. In 1808, he won 60gs. at Goodwood, 150gs. at Ascot, the King's Purse and

Mile, 200gs.—Fifteen to 8 on Election.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1809, *Deceiver*, 9st. 9lb. beat easy Burleigh, 7st. 12lb. Ab. M. 200gs.—Six and 7 to 4 on Burleigh. In the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. he received forfeit from Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates, 8st. 9lb. T. Y. C. 100gs. In the First October Meeting, at 9st. 2lb. he beat Mr. Gundy, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 50gs.—Eleven to 10 on Mr. Gundy. In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. he beat Harpocrates,* 8st. 9lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.—Six to 5 on Deceiver, who won very easy. He also, at 7st. 12lb. beat Zodiac, 8st. 13lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.—Ten to 1 on Deceiver, who won in a canter. In the Houghton Meeting, at 9st. 9lb. he beat Mr. Gundy, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 50gs.—Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Deceiver, who won cleverly. And at 9st. 9lb. he received 120gs. compromise from Middlethorpe, 8st. 2lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1810, *Deceiver*, 8st. 7lb. received forfeit from Juniper, 8st. 2lb. A. F. 100gs. h. ft. And in the same Meeting, he beat Plover, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. 200gs.—Thirteen to 8 on Deceiver, who won very easy. In the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. he ran a dead heat with Sir David, 8st. 7lb. A. F. 100gs.—Six and 7 to 4 on Deceiver.—Sir David was allowed to be the best racer of his year in the kingdom.

From the above account of *Deceiver's* performances, it appears that he won twenty-one times, including forfeits, and that he beat many of the fastest horses of his time:—He was undoubtedly an excellent racer; though, like most other horses that ran often, he was frequently beat.—It may, however, be safely affirmed, that he was seldom or never beat by an indifferent runner.

Deceiver is advertised to cover this season (1813), at eight guineas a mare, at Haughton, near Darlington, in the county of Durham; and there can be little doubt of his becoming a favourite stallion.—He is of a rich dark bay colour,

and 60gs. at Lewes, also the King's Purse and the first Class of the October Oatlands' Stakes at Newmarket.—In 1809, he won 100gs. at Brighton, also the King's Purse and 60gs. at Lewes.—In 1810, he won 50gs. at Goodwood, the King's Purse at Guildford, 100l. at Brighton, the King's Purse, 80gs. and 60gs. at Lewes, also the Gold Cup at Egham.—And in 1811, he won the King's Purse at Guildford.—*Election* was got by Gohanna, out of Chesnut Skim, by Woodpecker, and covers in the Royal Stud, at Hampton-Court, at 10gs. a mare, and one guinea the groom.

* Harpocrates, (first called Trafalgar) at Epsom, 1806, was beat by Paris, by only half a head, for the Derby Stakes:—But he won that year, the Pavilion Stakes of 950gs. and the Egremont Stakes of 1100gs. at Brighton. At York, in 1807, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Shittlecock, 8st. a mile and half, for 1000gs.; also, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Julius Cæsar, 8st. a mile and half, 500gs.—In 1808, he won 500gs. 200gs. 25gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket, &c.—He is own Brother to Scorpion, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Skysweeper, by Highflyer.—He is now a Stallion at Leconfield Parks, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a crown.

colour, of great size and powers, and is allowed by the most skilful judges to be one of the handsomest horses in the kingdom.—From his pedigree (a breed both for speed and bottom) and performances upon the turf, as well as from his size, strength, beauty, and action, it may fairly be presumed no horse is more likely to get racers.

HORSE CAUSES.

An Action tried in the Court of Common Pleas, Friday, May 14, before Mr. Justice Gibbs.

Melton *v.* Cooper.

THIS was an action on the warranty of a horse.—The plaintiff, who is a considerable dealer in horses, went to Horncastle in August last, and purchased a black horse of the defendant, a farmer at Lincoln, for 130l. He was taken with a warranty to be sound, and sent with a string of horses for London. A man named Allen went with them from Horncastle to Boston, a distance of twenty-two miles, and then delivered the horse bought of the defendant to another person, named Witnall. The horse, when he arrived at Boston, was observed to go rather tender with the near fore foot—the next day he was more so, and by the time he arrived in town (nine days) he was quite lame. The horse being examined by several persons, was declared to be unsound. Mr. Powis, a veterinary surgeon, examined him at the beginning of September, and discovered that the horse was lame in the near foot before. The horse was sent back when the unsoundness was discovered, as not answering the warranty, and the defendant refused him, on the ground that he was quite sound when sold. The question was, whether the horse had come to any mischief while going from Horncastle to London?

The defendant's witnesses proved that the horse had been bought by Cooper for fifty guineas, of a Mr. Chaplin, who had brought him up from a colt; that he was quite sound, and apparently fit for general service to the time he was sold.

A Veterinary Surgeon, who examined the horse when brought back, stated, that the lameness had been occasion by the way in which the horse had been shod, and that after his shoes had been taken off, and others properly put on, the lameness was no longer visible, and the horse had been since perfectly sound.

The learned Judge left the Jury to determine on the contrariety of evidence.

The Jury retired from the box, and on their return, found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 130l.

SATURDAY, MAY 22.

Vardel *v.* Black.

This was an action brought by a gentleman residing at Uxbridge, against the defendant, a veterinary surgeon, to recover sixty guineas, the value of a blood horse, killed by unskilful treatment, violence, and want of proper instruments for the operation of bleeding the horse, which brought on a mortification, and caused the death of the animal.

In November last the horse was not well, having an inflammation on the kidnies. The defendant was employed to bleed the horse—he

he could not at first get blood, and, with a view to accomplish his object, struck the bleeding instrument so violently, that he did the animal injury. The neck swelled, and the defendant attempted to pass a seething up the wound. For that purpose he put a birch twig up the vein, which would not do; he then tried a packing needle, which also failed, and resorted to another piece of birch stick. In the last application the stick broke in the wound. He then said he could not do what was necessary to be done without proper instruments, and he should come next day. The defendant came next day, but could do the horse no good. The animal never ate after the attempt to bleed him, and four days after the neck mortified, and he died.

Mr. Sewell, a veterinary surgeon, stated that the defendant had not used proper instruments; but in want of better he might be justified in using those he did use. It was proved that the horse was sound internally when he died.

There was no defence, and the Jury gave a verdict of sixty guineas damages, and costs.

CASE OF SPASM IN A COLT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

TO wish for the insertion of the following narration in your next Magazine, I hope you will not consider as an intrusion, or containing matter not connected with the interests of your numerous readers.

It will be my endeavour in the following relation, to point out the symptoms, progress, and fatal termination, of a case of spasm in the neck of the bladder, which lately occurred in a colt foal, the property of Richard Dyott, Esq. at Freeford. The subject of this disease was foaled on Thursday, the 22d instant:—It had the appearance of health, soon acquired strength, and became sportive. Its appearance on the following day was observed to be dull, and to make frequent attempts to void both urine and feces; it succeeded in passing some hardened excrement, but I never could learn that more than a few drops of urine escaped at one effort of expulsion. It continued about the same till the following morning, the 24th, at which time it displayed more disquietude, by constantly walking about, or moving its hinder leg obliquely over the other. On the 24th, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it became suddenly relieved from pain, and took a considerable quantity of milk from its dam. On the 25th, at ten o'clock in the morning, it began to experience violent pain, which seemed to encrease in violence till night, when it died. I must here observe, that no attempt to relieve it was made, till this day, when an aperient was administered, and a glyster ordered to be frequently injected into the rectum.

On dissection of the body, the bladder was found ruptured in the centre of its base; the rectum charged with hardened feces; the peritoneum of the intestines and abdomen strongly marked with inflammation; and the cavity of the belly containing ten or twelve quarts of urine. From the symptoms before death, and the appearances on dissection, we cannot fail to suggest the following as the cause

cause of this malady:—That the rectum distended with solid contents, would act mechanically in obstructing the passage of urine, by the pressure it would give to the neck of the bladder, and membranous part of the urethra. The irritability thus produced in the muscular fibres, which compose the sphincter of the bladder, appears to have been sufficient to excite in that part the most permanent spasmodic contraction. The bladder continued to receive the secretion of the kidneys, till it burst from over distention, which I doubt not happened at the time it became suddenly easy, in the afternoon of the 24th: the escape of the contents of the bladder into the cavity of the abdomen, produced peritoneal inflammation, which its symptoms at ten o'clock on the following day clearly indicated.

The frequency of this disease amongst foals immediately after birth, induces me to offer in this place, a few observations upon the treatment to be adopted for their relief. Immediately after the foal is observed to shew uneasiness, and to make unsuccessful attempts to void urine or feces, the rectum should have its hardened contents instantly dislodged by manual operation, aided by the frequent injection of glysters; then to have two ounces of castor or sweet oil administered, mixed in the same quantity of thin gruel; the oil should be given in doses of one ounce, every three hours, till its operation on the bowels is manifest. If a morbid retention of urine continues after the rectum is relieved, a fomentation of hot water should be constantly applied to the peritoneum, and along the whole course of the urethra. It will be necessary to observe, that a morbid retention of urine never takes place in the filly foal, owing to the anatomical difference which exists between the urethra of the male and female foal. I hope the information to be derived from the communication of this case, may have some beneficial effect in the future treatment of similar cases; the object I have had in view, will then be completely attained.—I am, Sir, &c. your's,

W. Robinson,
Veterinary Surgeon.

Tamworth, April 28, 1813.

SPORTING SUBJECTS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY THIS YEAR.

1. *A Child rescued by its Mother from an Eagle's nest.*—A. Dawe, A.—It is within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants of a mountainous district in Scotland, that, impelled by maternal solicitude to recover her infant, which an eagle had borne away to its nest, a mother climbed to the very topmost crag of a cliff so steep and terrific, that the hardiest bird-catchers in that region had hitherto pronounced it inaccessible. She succeeded in bringing off the child before it had received any material injury, the bird hovering around her during the attempt, but not offering in any way to molest her. According to a more ancient, than well-authenticated, tradition, a similar circumstance gave origin to the crest of the *Latham* and *Stanley* families, which consists of *an eagle pecking at a child in a cradle, or nest.* Indeed we doubt not but the fable of Ganimedes, taken up from the irriguous vales of Mount

Mount Ida, and carried, through the wondering clouds, to the palace of Jove, sprung from the same source. —However, Mr. Dawe, already known for his excellent and *præmiated* picture of the *Negro fighting a Buffalo*, and several good portraits, has treated this subject with great intelligence and success. Retiring from the common track, his themes are generally new, and executed with suitable pathos. The eagle hovering over the mother, in full display of power, after having most reluctantly left his aerie, is still ready to pounce upon his prey, or on the daring being whose sudden appearance has disturbed the enjoyment of his screaming young. The rapacious bird seems to have been painted after nature, and belongs to the family of the *Golden Eagle*, the noblest of the race. The dead hare, whose presence in the nest has probably been the accidental cause of the child's having been spared, is masterly painted, and indeed the picture, as for composition, expression, and interest, is generally pronounced one of the best in the whole Exhibition.

2. *A Brood Cock and Hen, the property of Mr. Kellerman.*

104. *Portrait of a Horse, the property of Mr. Hurst.*

400. *Portrait of Phenomena, the property of Mr. Sadler.*

By J. Barenger.

The first of these pictures is placed so high, so distant from the light, that we can hardly judge of its merits; the two others are touched with delicacy and a great share of intelligence in the distribution of light and shade.

16. *A Group of Stags.*
17. *A Landscape with Pigs.*
29. *Ditto with Sheep.*
30. *Ditto with Asses.*

By P. Reinagle, R. A.

The reputation of this ingenious academician has been long established—his manner of touching his animals is light and spirited; the colouring gay, not glaring, and sober, without monotony. In the four performances under our eyes, the landscape is most suitable to the subject.

19. *Lion-hunting*, by J. Northcote, R. A.—Not unlike *Rubens*, whose best performances he has studied with advantage, Mr. Northcote can delineate, with the same hand, the most furious of the brute creation, lions and tigers, and the fairest of creatures, man and woman. The versatility of his talents is well known, and the truth of his representations cannot be disputed. His animals, in this picture, are executed with great force, and the head and hinder leg of the grey horse, are proofs of the profound knowledge of the artist in veterinary anatomy.

31. *A Boar-hunt*, by R. B. Davis.—The dogs, in their attack upon the sturdy inmate of the oak forest, are grouped with a happy effect of contrast; their positions, their colours, opposed to the dark and bristly skin of the boar, play agreeably under the eye.

35. *The Boar that killed Adonis, brought before Venus*; by G. Arnald, A. — This mysterious passage in the Mythological lore has been treated by *Anacreon*, or rather *Theocritus*, on the lyre, and by many painters in ancient and modern times. Mr. Arnald has been successful in this, as well as in several other pieces exhibited this year, and his delineation of the Cupids pushing forward the untoward beast, is worthy of praise.

39. *Portrait of an old Horse, the property of the late C. S. Chauncey, Esq. Cheshunt, Hertfordshire.*

49. *Portraits of a Horse and Dog, the property of Mr. Fuller, Tooting, Surrey.*

50. *Portraits of Pointers belonging to C. Chauncey, Esq. Little Munden, Hertfordshire.*

660. *Portraits of Mr. Joliffe's Hounds and Horses, waiting, by appointment, at Mersthain Church.*

By D. Wolstenholme.

In this last performance, Mr. Wolstenholme has expressed most felicitously the eager impatience, the smelling about, the trepidation and bustle so remarkable in a pack, when brought out to enjoy the pleasure of the chace. It is impossible to look steadily at the canvas for a few seconds, without fancying the hounds alive, and in motion. We cannot disguise that the similarity of shapes and of tints in the dogs, was a great obstacle in the way of the artist, and that the harmony of the picture dwindles a little in a sort of unpleasing monotony; but Mr. W. has conquered the difficulty with no small share of success. In his other pictures we remark with pleasure a great attention to truth, and an easy style of pencilling.

44. *The First of September.*

229. *Elephant; a Stallion, the property of H. Meux, Esq.*

313. *Gig; a favourite Greyhound, the property of Lord C. Bentinck.*

347. *Animals and Servant, the property of T. Milles, Esq.*

657. *A Greyhound, the property of James St. Aubyn, Esq.*

By A. Cooper.

We never witness the rapid advances of an artist in the line which he has adopted, without feeling a real satisfaction; and it is exactly the case with the young painter whose performances appear in the rooms under the above stated numbers. His greyhound Gig, in full chace, and suspended, if we may be allowed the expression, between heaven and earth, is also detached from the canvas with so much art, that the eye is agreeably deluded, and seems to follow the fleeting dog in his bouncing attitude. Mr. A. Cooper's manner of pencilling, without the forcibleness of Mr. Ward's style, represents Nature with fidelity, and we have solid reasons to think that this artist will soon attain one of the highest stations in the department of animal painting. Steadiness and perseverance, when they prove themselves the hand-maids of genius, never fail to procure the wished-for applause and the expected reward.

228. *Dogs Fighting, by the same.*—This small group, composed of two angry dogs, whose spirit and courage appear greater than their bulk and their strength, is executed with a great deal of animation and truth. The attitudes are correct; the fiery eyes of the combatant whose head seems to burst out of the canvas, and the contrast of their colours, are managed with uncommon skill, and the whole would bear comparison with a picture on the same subject by the late unparalleled artist, Geo. Morland. The painter, it appears, understood well what he was about, and did not touch his canvas before he had settled a determined prototype in his mind—the execution is easy and light; and the colouring most suitable to the subject. As to the expression, we must say that we fancy we hear the snarling of the obstinate and enraged champions issuing from behind the canvas. From the beautiful engraving of this picture, by the able hand of Mr. Scott, and given

given in the present Magazine, the reader will be able to judge of the correctness of our observations.

53. *The Goldfinch*, by S. WOODFORDE, R. A.—This composition, though simple, is very pleasing; the bird is correctly drawn and beautifully coloured, and the whole appears in the most glowing style of this ingenious academician.

60. *A favourite Hunter, the property of Lord Maynard.*

93. *Portrait of Judgment, late the property of Viscount Deerhurst.*

142. *Dogs, the property of T. L. Parker, Esq.*

152. *A Hunter, the property of the Hon. T. Coventry.*

165. *A Charger, the property of Gen. Sir C. Stewart, K. B.*

272. *Oswald, the property of Lady R. Deerhurst.*

292. *Walton, the property of Sir J. Shelly.*

305. *Phantom, the property of Sir J. Shelly.*

By J. WARD, R. A.

It is impossible to deny that Mr. Ward has nearly attained the *acmè* of his art. Faithful interpreter of Nature, possessed of a genius that can invent, and a hand most able to express what he feels, this justly admired painter has given us, in the eight pieces above enumerated, excellent specimens of his astonishing talents. His delineation of that noble animal, the finest and most useful conquest that man ever made upon the brute creation, as it is particularly and individually represented under No. 165, reminds us of the beautiful description of the war horse, in one of the sublimest writers of the Old Testament, in which we read: —"The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; he says, among the trumpets: Ha, Ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."—Job, xxxix. 24.—Mr. Ward's anatomical knowledge of the horse would be of little avail, had he not the privilege of breathing life into the nostrils of the courser, fire in his eyes, and animation in the whole of his frame. To catch the transient prancing, the sudden start, the bold onset, is a most difficult task, and we find that the painter is equal to it. His *Hunter* is alive; and the gloss on the sleek and smooth skin of every one of his animals is admirable.

79. *Boys playing at Cricket*, by W. MULREADY.—We have here to congratulate this artist upon his rapid advances in the career which he has selected among the various branches and distinct departments of the chromatic art. His boys are well drawn, touched with spirit and liveliness, the landscape well treated, and the whole pleasing and harmonious.

80. *Asses*, by R. HILLS.—The sober, strong, patient, and useful animal to whom *Jacob* compares his son *Issachar*, and *Homer* his hero *Ajax*, deserves, indeed, better treatment than he generally receives at the hands of man. We are glad to find that Mr. Hills has not deemed him unworthy of his study, and that the glowing pallet of Mr. Thomson has been employed in delineating the donkey on the sea shores *(See No. 212)*, with agreeable effect.

111. *Sally; a favourite spaniel, the property of a Gentleman.*

240. *The Inside of the Earl of Darlington's Kennel, with his Lordship's Huntsman, Dog-feeder, and some of the most celebrated Hounds of the Raby pack.*

368. *Sir Malagigi; a famous*

Racer,

Racer, the property of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. M. P.

376. *Camillus, ditto and ditto, &c.*

580. *Phœbe; a favourite Spaniel, the property of G. Vere, Esq.*

By H. B. Chalon.

Every artist sees Nature in a different light; hence the multifarious styles of painting the same subjects, and the possibility of attaining the top of the chromatic Helicon by different paths. Although Mr. Chalon's manner differs from that of the artists above-mentioned, yet it has much merit as to truth of semblance, facility of handling, and fidelity in colouring. His excellent portraits of the two racers ought to be examined with attention.

N. B. Mr. Chalon, we understand, has published proposals for a print of *the Earl of Darlington's Dog-kennel*, No. 240, as above. If the engraving is entrusted to Mr. Scott, of which intimation is given in the prospectus, no fears need be entertained of the excellence of its execution.

117. *Moon-light: the Poacher and his Companion taking the Game.*

118. *Night: the Poacher and his Companion disposing of their Game to the Guard of a Mail-Coach.*

134. *The Poacher coming home in great alarm early in the morning, loaded with Game, to his Wife, who has been sitting up all night, waiting his return.*

157. *The Poacher brought before the Magistrate, and committed.*

172. *The Poacher released from his imprisonment, during which he has been attended through a severe fit of illness by his amiable Wife, whose kind attention, aided by the seasonable interference of a good Clergyman, has brought about a determination to amend his conduct.*

173. *Saturday Evening? The reclaimed Poacher returning home from labour to his domestic comforts.*

By E. Bird, A.

In this series of pictures, Mr. Bird has attempted to depict the guilt and repentance, the progress and punishments, of a poacher, in his short career of unprofitable robberies. The game in the pieces in which it is introduced, is painted by the hand of a master, and the happy touches of inimitable expression which are perceivable in every one of these elegant performances, are worthy of the reputation which the ingenious associate has obtained by his "Chevy-chace," and "Death of Eli." We commend him sincerely for the choice he made of his subject, his honest intention, the useful object he had in view, and the very interesting manner in which he has developed the different scenes of his drama; yet we should be sorry to hear that he has left the higher communications of the historical muse, to descend again among gamekeepers and boors in the lower regions of the chromatic Parnassus.

156. *Portraits of three Spaniels, the property of J. Cotes, Esq. M. P.* by W. Smith.

192. *Study of a Fox,* by R. P. Nodder.

203. *A Terrier's Head,* by W. Darbyshire.

402. *Portrait of a favourite Cart-horse, the property of Mr. H. Ledger,* by W. H. Davis.—To enter into the details of these small performances, would be tedious to the reader, as well as to the respective artists who painted them; each shews talents, accompanied by an improving management of the

the pallet, and creates hopes of still greater successes.

127. *Hebe*, by H. HOWARD, R. A.—The monarch of the air, the messenger of Jove, and keeper of the thunderbolts, is here most felicitously contrasted with the beautiful cup-bearer of the first of the gods, the goddess of youth, the charming Hebe. The bird seems alive, and his brown plumage, spread as a suitable back-ground to the freshness of Hebe's complexion, composes a most pleasing *tout ensemble.* The eagle belongs to the family of birds from which Mr. Dawe has also taken the bird painted at No. 1.

213. *The Deluge*, by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—In this enthusiastically grand composition, among other distressing objects, we remark near the fore ground a white heron, entangled in the rolling folds of a dying snake, and whose efforts to soar above the abyss of destruction seem to be of no avail. It is the *Ardea alba* of *Linnæus*, and inhabits the borders of the Caspian and Black Seas. This small, yet ingenious episode in Mr. Turner's performance, is intended to show, that even the water fowls could not escape the avenging wrath of heaven, that had doomed all flesh to perish in the waters of the flood.

266. *Landscape. Boys fishing*, by J. CONSTABLE.—The scenery is gay, true to nature, and pleasing to the eyes. The serious attention of the boys in preparing the fatal bait to delude the timid, but greedy inhabitants of the chrystal pond, is hitted at with great skill by the painter.

282. *Draught Players*, by W. NOVICE.—In allusion to the name of the artist, but much more after the real merit of his composition, we may say that he will be soon a *master* in the line he has chosen. Several passages in the whole are treated with uncommon felicity of thought and power of expression.

290. *Pheasants.*
330. *A Hare.*
369. *Partridges.*
By G. COLEMAN.

367. *Hawk and Prey*, by J. SILLETT.

373. *Red Grouse*, by S. EDWARDS.

408. *Dead Game*, by E. BELL.

Every one of the above is remarkable for a great delicacy of pencilling, and a constant fidelity in representing those beautiful colours which the pallet of Nature has bestowed upon the plumage of the feathered tribe. The *Hawk and Prey* of M. SILLET, deserve a particular notice from the visitors.

388. *Portrait of an Arabian*, by J. N. SARTORIUS.

348. *Portraits of Dogs at Ampthill Park*, by J. HIGTON.

Both these performances have merit. The last is to us, who have watched the improving style of Mr. Higton, a proof that perseverance and study will always be sure to succeed.

332. *Portrait of Burgoyne, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, together with his Horse and a favourite old Pointer, by* R. R. REINAGLE.—This picture is, without any dissentient voice, one of the best among sporting performances—the attitude and costume of the keeper, the horse, whose head and neck are masterly foreshortened, and the old pointer, the greatest part of whose body is in the *demi-joar*, all do the greatest honour to the artist, who conceived and executed the design.

607. *Trout, Grayling, Crayfish, &c.* by T. HEAPHY.—The astonishing

ing talents of this artist, in imitating nature, with no other means than the scanty help of paper and water-colours, are so well known that it would appear useless to descant here upon them. We cannot help remarking, however, that, for the second time, Mr. Heaphy has lent to the crustaceous fish on the banks of rivers or sea shores, the scarlet uniform which they never assume but on the fire; what may be his reason for it, we must declare that we are at a loss to divine.

401. *The infant Bruiser*, by L. Cosse.—Whether our virtuosi, the Belchers, the Cribbs, and other athletic cotemporaries, might find fault with the defying position of the boy, we know not, and rest contented with our individually conceived opinion, that the attitude is perfectly classical; yet we must observe to the visitors that the foreshortening of the boy's hands and arms is so well contrived, that wherever you go to look at him, the ready fighter seems to turn towards you and challenge you to the conflict.

914. *A glass case, containing three models: a favourite Dog, the property of Mrs. Baker, of Elemore-hall, Durham; ditto, the property of Miss Foljambe, of Osberton; to be cast in metal for letter-presses; and a Model of a Horse recumbent, lately cast in silver, by* G. Garrard, A.—The delicacy and truth with which the three animals are executed, does great credit to Mr. Garrard.

915. *A Boa Serpent crushing a Tiger; a study for a bas-relief, executed for James Wheeler, Esq. by* G. Garrard, A.—The struggles of the compressed tyger, in the rolling volumes of the mighty Hydra, are admirably expressed, and his opened jaws seem to scream out the howlings of death.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE knowledge of a disease being generally allowed to be half the cure, it would be conferring a great obligation to the sporting world, and more particularly on those who like myself take a pleasure in dogs, if any of your Correspondents could inform me, from what cause proceeds the disease, peculiar to that species of animals, called the Distemper. Very few authors, I believe, mention this; the late Mr. Taplin indeed, declares it to be nothing more than a most violent obstruction in the bowels, for which he says he found no cure but by administering glysters, and that every case was nearly similar, each, after repeated glysters had been given, having voided a hard mass composed of hay, straw, sand, &c.; but though he allowed one or two to expire by way of experiment, he does not say any thing of having dissected them. A few days since I was under the necessity of destroying a valuable and favourite pointer which was in the last stage of this disorder. Wishing to find out the seat of the complaint (having at the time two other dogs affected, though not so violently) I had him opened; but after a careful examination, could not observe the least obstruction in the bowels, as they contained nothing more than the bread and milk he had ate just before being seized with the convulsions. The only remarkable appearance was, that the gall bladder

bladder was extremely large, so much so, that a Veterinary Surgeon, who was present, declared it could not be natural; the liver was also large, but good coloured and perfectly sound. As it did not occur to me that the gall could have any thing to do with the disorder, I did not examine it so minutely as I should otherwise have done; though, not understanding any thing of anatomy, I might have overlooked any particular appearance. It has however lately struck me, that the disorder might originate from obstruction of the bile, more particularly as I have since heard from a professional man who once opened a greyhound, that the contents of the gall bladder in that, was in colour similar to tar. Perhaps some of your professional correspondents, who have opportunities, may be induced to examine this appearance with more accuracy than I can possibly do, and in so doing they may be the means of putting some stop to the ravages this complaint makes in every kennel. I should also like to know the different symptoms in all the stages of this disorder, all three of my dogs being perfectly dissimilar, except the husking in the throat with which each was affected.—By giving the above an early publication in your Magazine, you will much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant, TYRO.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN reply to a Friend to Sporting, in page 3, of your last Number, respecting a cure for the convulsive twitchings from the effects of Distemper in Dogs, I beg leave to send you the following case:—

In the Spring of 1810, a famous poodle bitch, then about ten months old, caught the distemper, either from cold from being shorn too early in the year, or from another dog that came to the house and had it very bad. By the assistance of Mr. Blaine's medicines, the virulence of the disease was got over, but the animal remained in the most distressing state of weakness: so much so, as to be unable to stand, accompanied by convulsive twitchings in every part. Mr. Blaine advised me to destroy her; but being a great favourite, I was loath to do so while a chance remained of saving her. A gentleman who saw her, recommended very strongly bathing in cold water, which I determined to try; the evening previous to my commencing the trial I had her bathed and well washed in warm water to cleanse the skin, that the cold water might have the greater effect. I had a large brewing tub filled with spring water, into which I plunged her every morning for about six weeks, the good effects of which were very visible after the first two or three days; and at the expiration of that time she was perfectly recovered, and is now as well as ever.—Great care should be taken that the animal is rubbed perfectly dry, otherwise they would take cold, as from their weak state they are unable to take the means of drying themselves; and the rubbing no doubt assists in the cure. Care should also be taken, that the animal is free from mercurial, or other medicines, that the cold water might affect. I am, Sir, your very obedient, J. H.

Old Hummums, May 20, 1813.

REPLY

REPLY TO A "YOUNG ENGLISHMAN."

MR. EDITOR,

IF the writer of the Letter subscribed "A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN," and addressed to Miss Crompton, as received by her on the 13th instant, will be kind enough to state his requisition, with real signature, in your next monthly publication (as his favours will be received through no other channel), he may perhaps derive the information required, from a "member" of that sex he so "enthusiastically admires;" without irritating his "feelings of disgust" in "dragging the guilty party before the humane part of an offended public," for the "abhorrent libel published upon the whole of the amiable sex." I am, &c. &c. J. M.

Crompton, May 17, 1813.

P. S. The letter was by some means neglected to be franked as mentioned.

*** As this letter seems to bear reference to the article of "an expert female shot," published in our last Number, we readily give it insertion—ED.

HORSES DISPOSED OF.

THE following horses were sold at Newmarket, on Tuesday, May 18.

PAN, 8 yrs old, by St. George, out of Walton's dam, by Dungannon.—Mr. Blagrave, for 200gs.

BROWN COLT, 3 yrs old, by Sorcerer, out of Maiden, by Sir Peter Teazle.—Mr. Muller, 46gs.

CHESNUT MARE, 8 yrs old, by Buzzard, dam by Mambrino, out of Lavender; with a Filly at her foot by Waxy.—Mr. Crockford, 81gs.

BAY MARE, 6 yrs old, by Expectation, dam by Spadille, Highflyer, out of Stamford's dam; with a Filly at her foot by Waxy.—Mr. Dove, 50gs.

BAY MARE, 6 yrs old, by Delpini, out of Bradbury's dam, by Young Marsk.—Mr. Ellis, 34gs.

BAY COLT, 1 yr old, by Waxy, out of the above Delpini mare.—Mr. Perry, 28gs.

BAY FILLY, 1 yr old, by Waxy, out of the Expectation mare.—Mr. Robson, 24gs.

BAY MARE, 9 yrs old, by Moorcock, out of Nancy Dawson, by Damper.—Mr. Sadler, 27gs.

COLT, 1 yr old, by Fyldener, out of the Moorcock mare.—Lord Suffield, 40gs.

MARIA, 4 yrs old, by Sancho, out of Gratitude, by Shuttle, Walnut, &c.—Mr. Ellis, 28gs.

BROWN FILLY, 3 yrs old, by Sancho, out of a Sister to Chippenham.—Mr. Edwards, 26gs.

BLACK FILLY, 2 yrs old, by Sorcerer, out of a Sister to Fidget.—Mr. Hazard, 34gs.

BODKIN, 4 yrs old, Brother to Dimity, by Trumpator, out of Lily.—Major Wilson, 155gs.

CHESNUT COLT, 3 yrs old, by Selim, out of Pipylina, by Sir Peter Teazle.—Mr. Forth, 100gs.

Sir Thomas Stanley has purchased of Mr. Clifton, by private contract, BOADICEA, by Warrior, out of Morgiana's dam, 4 yrs old; and a very fine COLT, by Alexander, out of Fadladinida, by Sir Peter Teazle, 2 yrs old.

GREAT FOOT RACE BETWEEN CROSS AND RAINER.

NO sporting event since the wonderful performance of Captain Barclay, at Newmarket, has engrossed

grossed so much attention as that commenced on Sunbury Common, on Saturday, the 22d inst. at midnight, betwixt Cross, the above gentleman's groom, and Edward Rainer, the Kentish butcher, the first pedestrian of the present age, who gave his antagonist one hour in one hundred miles at starting.

Two marquees for the pedestrians were fixed on each side the road at the starting place, and from the concourse of persons present, and the number of booths and stands, the spot had the appearance of a race course. The ground over which the pedestrians ran was two miles out and in. The men were in excellent condition after six weeks training; Cross under the immediate direction of Captain Barclay, upon the latter's system, and Rainer under the guidance of R. Grinley.

Betting was 2 to 1 on Rainer, even betting that the winner did the match in 18 hours, 2 to 1 that it was done by the winner in 19 hours, and even betting that Cross did it in 18½ hours. Cross is about 40 years of age, and is reported to have once done the 100 miles in 19 hours. Rainer is about 24, the fastest 40 miles runner in England, and had done 60 in training, without much fatigue, in very little time.

At twelve o'clock Cross started, and did the first eight miles in one hour ten minutes and a half. Rainer started at one, and did the eight miles in one minute under the hour. Cross pursued a steady course, and performed 20 miles in about two hours and fifty-seven minutes, when he halted at his marquee about seven minutes, took some refreshment, and proceeded. Rainer did his 20 miles in two hours and a half, and halted for a minute or two to change his shoes. Both men were fresh, and making more play than was expected. At 30 miles Rainer breakfasted, having previously got within three miles and a half of his adversary. Cross gained some ground at this time by the other's stoppage, and he went on fresh at the rate of seven miles and a half an hour, on the average.

After having done 32 miles, Rainer ran in evidently weak, and it was soon known after he got into his marquee that he was ill, and this brought betting in favour of Cross, who was well. Rainer remained 20 minutes in his marquee, and was at this time headed more than six miles, but he got fresh again after running four miles.

Cross shewed symptoms of weakness after going 40 miles, and in the 46th mile he fell, and was unable to rise; he soon recovered sufficiently to reach his tent. It was ascertained that the tendons below the calves of the legs had been injured, but after being rubbed, the pedestrian, in the hope of recovering, went four other miles, and he returned to the marquee again, and was afterwards conveyed to a bed at Hampton. This failure is attributed much to over exertion.—Captain Barclay accompanied his man on foot the first eight miles, and afterwards the greater part of his journey, and he often reminded him he was over-running himself; but his reply was, he was doing within himself.

Rainer, perhaps elated by his adversary's failure, was going on fresh, and offered to do nine miles in one hour. His object now was to do the distance in 18 hours, and from the play he had made he had little more than five miles an hour to accomplish it; he was often distressed, and recovered, but in

in going the ninety-first mile in 17 hours, he fell from exhaustion, and was unable to rise. He was conveyed to Captain Barclay's marquee, where surgical aid was at hand, and from thence to bed, also at Hampton.

Captain Barclay gave Rainer the use of his marquee, flannels, and refreshments, after Cross had broken down. The groom did 40 miles, taking off stoppages, in five hours and 40 minutes. Two umpires were obliged to remain in attendance, to see the finish of the match.

On Sunday, Rainer got fresh, and did the remainder of his ground in a little more than two hours, and won the stake of 400 guineas.

The following is the report of the umpires upon the match :—

"We, James Macdonald and James Morris, undersigned, appointed by Captain Barclay and Sir Henry Smith, to act as umpires for the walking match of one hundred miles, between William Cross and Edward Rainer, do hereby certify, that William Cross completed forty-eight miles in seven hours, and then gave up the match; and that Edward Rainer performed ninety miles and a half in seventeen hours, seven minutes, and the remaining nine miles and a half in one hour, forty-nine minutes, fifty seconds, being eighteen hours, fifty-six minutes, fifty seconds, in completing one hundred miles. As witness our hands,

"JAMES MACDONALD.
"JAMES MORRIS."

Rainer returned to London on Monday, the 24th instant, and the stake of 400 guineas was paid by Mr. Jackson. Captain Barclay has pronounced the winner to be the gamest and best runner he ever knew, and he gave him 20 guineas.

DEATH OF THE FOX.

TO face this page we present our readers with another etching of Mr. Howitt's, and which closes the series on the subject of Fox-hunting.

COSSACK'S MODE OF CATCHING GAME, HARE-HUNTING, &c.

THESE people, near Kizlaer, on the banks of the Terek, have a singular way of catching game, such as wild swine, wolves, foxes, &c.; they dig holes nine feet deep, narrow at the top, and broad at the bottom, in the middle of which they drive a stake, which rises three or four feet above the surface of the ground. Upon the upper end of this stake, a moveable cart wheel is fixed, and upon this wheel in the evening, they fasten a pig or a duck, a hen, &c. and cover over the mouth of the pit with branches of trees, upon which they scatter cut grass. When any of these creatures pass by, and hear the prisoner, they instantly run towards the hole's mouth, and fall in. When they intend to hunt the hare, they ride out in great numbers. "I once (says the relator) went out with a party of them, when we were 38 horsemen, of which number eight went with many hounds before the rest, who formed a large circle, making so much noise that no hare could lie. In this manner they would ride through 20 or 30 wersts, and having very many hounds, it might be thought impossible a hare could escape them, yet I saw some escape. This country produces as much game as that about Astrachan, and a far greater number of pheasants, many of which I killed."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A SAILOR, lately tumbled by accident from the shrouds of a vessel in the Downs, and in his fall threw his Captain upon the deck. The latter, recovering his feet, exclaimed, "D—mn your b—d, where have you come from?"—"From the north of Ireland, your Honour," answered Pat, very composedly.

As two Irish soldiers were passing through Chippenham, one of them observing the Borough Arms (which have somewhat the appearance of a Hatchment) over the Town-hall door, accosted his comrade with—"Arrah Pat, look up, what is that sign?"—"Botheration," cries Pat, "'tis no sign at all at all, 'tis only a sign that somebody's *dead* that *lives* there."

A COUNTY of Roscommon fox-hunter, lately treating for the purchase of a fine horse, asked the owner if *he refused timber?*—To which the latter answered, "By J——s he would leap over your *head*, and what do you say to that?"

LINES,

Written by a Pugilistic Poet, on the Champion Cribb quitting his occupation of Coal-Merchant, and turning Publican.

Black diamonds, adieu! TOM's now took to the *bar*,
The *fancy* to *serve* in all *shapes;*
For a *chop* or a *glass*, to *mill* or to *spar*,
They'll be at home to a *peg* at the GRAPES.

The lovers of mirth without crime may here *fib*,
And of sporting talk over each hour;
Then ye *swells* give a *turn* to the gallant TOM CRIBB,
To prevent the *sweet* grapes turning *sour*.

AN old thief having been detected by a butcher, with a breast of mutton secreted in her *bosom* a few days since, a punster remarked, that this was a new proof of the *dearness* of *meat*, as she kept it so near her *heart*.

A *vinegar* merchant having lately failed in business, a friend of his observed that the circumstance could not have arisen from any want of industry, for he always found him to be a very *aciduous* (assiduous) fellow.

THE following summary method of getting rid of a wife, is taken from an advertisement in a paper published at Castlebar, in Ireland. If this new Irish system of divorce for cause assigned, be not pretty generally adopted in the higher classes of England, it will not be for want of inclination:—"I, Martin Lavell, of Ballyknock, in the barony of Tyrawly, parish of Doensiny, and county of Mayo, am determined to advertize Jane Lavell, otherwise Murphy, being my married wife, on account of her *mastiffness with my parents and friends, and myself especially*, belying me throughout all the neighbourhood, only the neighbours would not believe her that I would cheat and steal, and that I would do worse if she was credited. Now

I am

I am determined to get rid of her, and let nobody whatever give her two-pence worth on my account, of any sort, for I will not pay it, as the neighbours in the town-land I live at can certify she is in the fault, and that nobody ever could allege any thing to me—and that it is for MERE HATRED I am getting rid of her, on account of her *mastiffness and lies!!!*

EPIGRAM,

On an Old Maid caressing a Spaniel.

Rufa, it don't surprise me in the least,
To see thee kiss so dainty clean a beast;
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,
Aye, that surprises me.

A BILL was lately introduced into Parliament, by which it was directed that a penalty of 50l. was to be levied for the commission of a certain offence, which penalty it was provided should be equally divided between the informer and the churchwarden of the parish in which the offence might be committed. When the Bill was committed, the penalty of 50l. was changed to "*transportation for seven years*;" but the other part of the Bill remaining unaltered, the Bill now enacts, "that *the said penalty of transportation for seven years, shall be equally divided between the church-warden and the informer*."

A FRENCH General of Division, having escaped the horrors of the late retreat from Moscow, arrived, half frozen, at Schipenbeil, in Prussia, with his division, consisting of *three men and himself*. They were accommodated with quarters, at the Burgomaster's house, and the General was warming himself at the stove, when a young French officer entered the room, demanding in a loud and arrogant tone, that lodgings should be provided for a division of cuirassiers of 3500 men. The Burgomaster tremblingly answered that he could not procure accommodation for so numerous a corps. "Make yourself easy, my friend," said the General; "the young Gentleman's division is *like mine*—you may lodge them all in the next room!

INSTEAD of sending Missionaries to India, to convert the natives to Christianity, if a few Hindoos were brought to this country their maxims might tend to improve the morals of some of our Christian Votaries. One of these Hindoos being shewn from a balcony, a company (males and females) dancing, observed that no such familiarity between the sexes was allowed in India. On being asked the reason, he replied, "*if you put butter too near the sun it will melt!*"

WORD OF COMFORT

To a reigning Toast on the report of her being about to lose her Long-established pre-eminence.

Nay, Madam, why that downcast eye?
Thy charms such slander may defy:
Should Venus choose to hold a session,
You're safe "by *twenty years possession*."

JOHN LATITAT, Furnival's Inn.

AT Cornwall Quarter Sessions, holden at Truro, last month, Joseph Little was put to the bar, charged with having violently assaulted his wife. When Mrs. Little appeared to give evidence against her turbulent mate, he addressed her in a plaintive tone, when the following dialogue took place:—"My dear, I am sorry to see you here."—"So am I."—"I hope you will forgive me this once, and I will never lift my hand to you again."—"You have broke your promise so often that I cannot trust you."—"My dear life, don't send

send me back to prison again; you have always been a good, honest, sober, and virtuous wife to me."—"It is for the good of your soul that I wish you to be punished."—"You need not fear me, I will give you all my property and part from you if you wish it."—"I know it is necessary for my safety, and your salvation, that you should be confined a little longer."—The prisoner, finding that his angry help-mate was not to be moved by intreaty, now proceeded to charge her in turn, but all had no avail, and he was remanded to prison.

REGULARITY.

TOBIAS's father did his son admonish;
"Me your *irregularities* astonish;
Pray, be more *regular*, my son, in future."
The stripling afterwards obey'd his tutor.
The gay Tobias, pious as a *Monk*, sir,
Obey'd by getting *regularly drunk*, sir.

JUVENIS.

New Name for a Ridicule.—A lady having left her ridicule behind her in a milliner's shop, one of the *Fribbles* immediately ran after her, and presenting it to her very politely, said, "Madam, I have the honour of returning to you your *snot-bag*."

A One-eyed Wager.—A man with one eye laid another man that he (the one eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted.—'You have lost,' says the first; 'I can see *two* eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine.'

BOMBAZEEN.

AS Jack, above a draper's shop,
Saw written, 'Bombazeen,'
'Here Bet,' says he, 'I pray thee stop,
'And tell what that may mean.'

'It means fair lady's dress,' she cried,
'Who now go naked nearly,
'For 'tis so thin, and drawn aside,
''Tis *Bum-be-seen* most clearly.'

'That's true, dear Bet, it is no less,
(Said Jack, the simple-hearted),
'And *Bum-be-seen's* the *mourning dress*
'For modesty—departed.'

THE witty and convivial Lord Kelly being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, Madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?*"

A PIOUS divine of the old school says, "A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbour, his own shame, a walking swill tub, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

A REPARTEE.—A lady who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, 'I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere.' 'Very likely,' replied the gentleman, 'you may, ma'am, as I have often been there.'

SIR Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. 'Aye,' said he, 'how so, pray?'—'Why,' replied the other, 'when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*'

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's on the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger Stakes.

DERBY.

Even betting on Smolensko.
5 to 1 agst Solyman.
6 to 1 agst Lord Derby's colt.
20 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's colt.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt, out of Tumbler's dam.

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Vale Royal.
6 to 1 agst Neville's filly.
8 to 1 agst Woeful.
10 to 1 agst Vulpecula.
8 to 1 agst Smolensko and Vale Royal both winning.

ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Altisidora.
11 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's colt.
14 to 1 agst Prime Minister.

Betting at Chester for the St. Leger.

100 to 12 agst Lord Strathmore's colt.
100 to 7 agst Vale-Royal, by Sorcerer.
100 to 7 agst Altisidora, by Dick Andrews.
100 to 6 agst Mr. Godfrey's Bravo, by Sir Oliver.

THE Meeting at Catterick-Bridge, which took place on Easter Tuesday last, was allowed to be the best attended since the commencement of their flourishing races in 1782-3.—The sport was excellent, and many of the races were severely contested:—That for the Pipe of Port Wine, run for by hunters, and rode by Gentlemen, excited great interest and betting, and the concourse of sportsmen on the Course that day, and indeed of all ranks, was greater than ever was seen at a north country racing Meeting:—The betting, at starting, was 5 and 6 to 4 against Rough Robin, 2 to 1 against Woodbine, 3 and 4 to 1 against Mr. Tatton Sykes's Sunley, by Cockfighter, who won by about a length. Amongst the company were, his Grace the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Marquis of Carmarthen, Sir William Foules, Sir William Maxwell, Sir D. H. Blair, Sir B. R. Graham, Sir J. H. Maxwell, Sir R. D Hildyard, Hon. M. B. Hawke, Hon. Mr. Petre, Major Bower, Messrs. Trotter, Witham, Scarisbrick, G. Crompton, Treacher, Jadis, Beckwith, R W. Peirse, J. Monson, M. Milbanke, Hill, Allan, two Cooksons, Surtees, Haggerstone, F. Hartley, two Shaftos, Scroope, R. Bell, &c. &c. &c.

His Grace the Duke of Leeds, and many other Noblemen and Gentlemen, have entered into several engagements for future years, and when the new Course is finished, it will doubtless be the best Meeting North of Trent.

The Stewards for next year are the

the Marquis of Queensberry and Sir William Maxwell, Bart.

CATTERICK.—In the last Number of our *Racing Calendar*, page 3, for the 50l. stated to be won by Don Rodrigo, it was proved that he had carried only 8st. instead of 8st. 2lb. in consequence thereof the 50l. was claimed for Sir William Maxwell's Tam-a-Shanter, who was twice second.—*The decision of the above 50l. will be referred to the Jockey-Club.* In the Yearling Stakes (page 5) Sir B. Graham's colt was third, and Sir W. Maxwell's colt the fourth.

IN the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Sir Charles Bunbury refused 3500gs. for his black colt, *Smolensko*, Brother to Thunderbolt, by Sorcerer.—He was the winner of the 2000gs. Stakes and Newmarket Stakes in the above Meeting.—(*See our Racing Calendar.*)—*Smolensko* is the first favourite for the Derby.

SIR William Wynne purchased Bravo before running for the Dee Stakes at Chester.

THE Duke of Grafton's horse Woeful, is matched against Mr. Craven's Tooley, at the first Newmarket October Meeting, for 300gs. —At the same Meeting, Woeful is also matched against Mr. Craven's Captain, for 200gs.

The Duke of Grafton's horse Joe Miller, is matched against Major Wilson's Spotless, at the first Newmarket October Meeting, for 150gs.

Sir C. Bunbury's Smolensko is matched against General Grosvenor's Redmond, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, for 200 guineas.

CRISPIN AND HOLYHOCK.—Mr. Bruen's Holyhock having broke down, the proprietor requested it to be made known, that he had purchased Crispin, in order to render all bets upon the match null and void.

LORD Sackville's judgment ran him considerably on the wrong side the post at the last Newmarket Meeting. Lord Foley is said to have got the whip-hand of him in every race and bet of consequence.

THE project for enclosing Epsom race ground has failed, through the indefatigable exertions of the gentlemen of the turf.

THE extensive Club house, at the top of St. James's-street, late White's, is purchased by the proprietor of the Union, whither he has removed his adventurous *stock* and flock: 23,000l. is said to be the amount of this purchase. —The house was re-opened on the 6th instant, on which occasion, the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Club partook of a most magnificent dinner; his Grace the Duke of Montrose was in the chair.

A YOUNG *Commoner*, heir to large estates, was unpleasantly initiated into a fashionable Play Club in the West the other night, by the loss of nearly 20,000l. at *hazard*. His single antagonist was a Noble Lord of considerable *experience*, who, by mere *chance*, held the box so *luckily*, as to throw in seven times successively. A remark being made upon so extraordinary a run of the *dice*, his Lordship insisted upon having them *cut up*, to manifest that his success had been perfectly *honourable*

able—the *bones*, on dissection, were found perfectly innocent!

The duel between Lord Hawke and Colonel O'Kelly was occasioned by a misunderstanding between them at the *Albion* Club, of which formerly they were both members.

Game Certificates.—By a late act, the certificates for killing game, will be liable to additional duties; all of one guinea are increased to 1l. 5s.; and all of three guineas to 3l. 13s. 6d. There is also an addition to the duties on dogs; greyhounds will now be 20s. annually; spaniels, pointers, &c. 2s. 6d. in addition to the former duty, and other dogs one shilling additional; 40s. are also added to the tax on hounds, where compounded for.

The hunt at Mowbray has recently become much disorganized. Mr. C. Meynel has seceded from it.

The Fox-hounds belonging to Lord Middleton are to remain throughout the year in the county of Warwick: and the covers will be hunted, from three different kennels, early and late every season.

Power, the celebrated pugilist, and the best twelve-stone fighter of the day, was vanquished by *Death* on Wednesday night, the 26th instant, in the 23d year of his age. He had been twelve months in a decline, and as a proof of his manhood, he beat Carter in November last, at Rickmansworth, when, technically speaking, he was *half dead*, that is, in the second stage of a decline. He had beat Dogherty, King, and Carter, and some *commoners*, and he bade fair to reach the British championship, but for the illness which led to his death.

British Courage!—Extract of a letter from a friend at Oswestry:—"There is in this town, a French officer on parole, who is supposed by himself and countrymen to possess strength little inferior to Sampson. He is Monsieur Fiarsse, he follows the profession of a fencing-master, and is allowed to have considerable skill in that way. He had been boasting that he had beat every Englishman that opposed him in the town where he was last on parole (in Devonshire), and he sent a challenge the other day, to a private of the 64th regiment of foot, to a boxing match—it was accepted; they met this afternoon (May 1). The Frenchman is a very tall stout-built man, of a most ferocious countenance; the soldier is a little round-faced man, plump as a partridge. Five rounds were fought; the first, I understand, the Frenchman threw a blow at his adversary with all his strength, which brought him down; he rose, however, in a moment, and played his part so well, that I think Monsieur Fiarsse will never like to attack a British soldier again! The little fellow made him spin again, he dealt his blows with such judgment.—After the fifth round, Fiarsse said, "*It is nough, I vile no moe.*" The French looked very blue at their champion being conquered, and he, I think, is punished for presumption and gasconade. He had the vanity to suppose he could beat three Englishmen!—This affair is the town's talk here, and every one is rejoiced at *Parlez vous* being beaten."

A SHORT

A SHORT time since, the little hunt at Balcomb, near Cuckfield, Sussex, consisting of six couple of hounds, unkennelled a fox in Wakehurst Long Wood, in Ardingly parish, and after a chace of an hour and a half, reynard fell a victim to his staunch pursuers. A few days afterwards the same pack unkennelled another fox in the above wood, and after gallantly chacing him for about two hours, ran into him in great style, at Turner's Hill, near East Grinstead. This wily couple, being male and female, leaves no doubt of their having been accomplices in the many depredations that had been committed amongst the poultry and lambs in the neighbourhood. It was rather singular, that they should both have been ear-marked.

COUNTY OF ROSCOMMON.—A steeple chase of six miles, including six five-feet walls, with several large ditches, was run on the 17th of March last, over the plains of Racroghan, for a plate of one hundred guineas, and ten guineas stakes for each horse entered; four-years-old, carrying 10st. five-years-old, 10st. 7lb. six-years-old and aged, 11st.

Mr. G. Harkan's Young Blacklegs, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. W. French's mare, by Swordsman, 5 yrs old 2
Mr. J. French's Peter Finnerty, 6 yrs old 3
Mr. Plunkett's Baronyboy, 6 yrs old 4
Mr. Blake's Merryman, 5 yrs old 5
Mr. J. French's Wellington, 5 yrs old 6

Mr. Blake's Volunteer, and a horse of Captain Haye's, were entered, but did not start.—Wellington the favourite at starting—an excellent race between him and Young Blacklegs for the first five miles, when the former refused his leaps, after which Young Blacklegs won easily.

Londonderry, April 27.—On Saturday last, Captain Brown, of the Enniskillen dragoons, undertook, for a bet of ten guineas, to ride round the city walls in three minutes, which he performed half a minute within the time. The greatest difficulty in the way was the passing of Bishops-gate, where a number of stone steps were to be ascended and descended. Captain Brown gave the ten guineas to some soldiers' wives about to march from hence, in order to make them comfortable on their journey.

CAPTAIN Brydges and Mr. Lawrence started on horseback, from Richardson's Hotel, London, at three o'clock on Monday, the 10th inst. for the Castle Tavern, Brighton, for a wager of fifty guineas, and the horses they rode. The race was won by Capt. Brydges, the horse of Mr. Lawrence having *fallen down dead near Crawley!* The rider escaped injury.

A MARE belonging to Mr. Keates, which won a great match on the Woodford-road, a short time since, started on the 11th inst. to trot sixteen miles in an hour on the Bath-road. The animal did the first mile in four minutes, and accomplished half the distance in twenty-nine minutes. She made but one break during the match, which was won in one minute and ten seconds within the given time. The stake was one hundred guineas, p. p.

Burton-Hunt Races.—Monday, April 26.—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, having hunted twelve times with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds during the season of 1812-13; weights for age.

Mr. Peacock's b. m. Lincoln Lass 1
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. g. Brown George.................. 2
Mr. Tomlinson's ch. g. Lovedon 3
Mr. John White's ch. g. Musk.. dr

Same day, a Gold Cup, for horses not thorough-bred, having hunted as above; weights for age. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hanson's bl. h. Wellington 1 1
Mr. John White's ch. g. Musk 5 2
Mr. Tomlinson's ch. g. Lovedon 2 4
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. m. Elizabeth Martin............ 4 3
Mr. J. L. Milnes' ch. g. Paragon 3 5

Two others drawn.

Tuesday, April 27.—A Purse of 50gs. or upwards, by subscribers of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, having hunted as above; weights for age.

Mr. Hanson's bl. h. Wellington 1
Mr. John White's ch. g. Musk 2
Mr. Tomlinson's ch. g. Lovedon .... dr

A fine race—won by half a head.

Same day, a Gold Cup, given by Mr. Osbaldeston, for horses belonging to farmers, having hunted as above, to carry 12st.

Mr. Hanson's bl. h. Wellington 1
Mr. Peacock's b. m. Lincoln Lass 2
Mr. Woolfitt's br. h. Through the Wood Laddie.......... 3
Mr. J. L. Milnes' ch. g. Paragon dr

The Soberton Races, Hants, on Tuesday, the 11th instant, afforded great sport, and were attended by the greatest number of sporting gentlemen ever seen on Soberton Down. The sweepstakes were won by Mr. Fleming's Traveller; and the cup given by Mr. Powlett, by Mr. Smith's chesnut horse by Bladud, out of the mare who won the cup in 1805. A large party of the members and their friends dined at Fareham, when it was proposed (besides the two cups to be run for next year) that a subscription should be opened of five guineas each, for horses that have been regularly hunted with either of the three packs, viz. Mr. Powlett's, Mr. Villebois', or the Duke of Richmond's, who have never started, paid or received forfeit, except for the H. H. C. the H. H. or Goodwood Hunters' Stakes; the winner of either to carry seven pounds extra: the subscription to be closed and horses named by the 1st of April, 1814. Eleven gentlemen immediately put down their names. The day was concluded by a ball and supper, which were attended by all the neighbouring families.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the 2d instant, a dragoon, who had been tormenting his horse for some time past at Arundel, Sussex, continued his sport to such excess, that he drove the poor animal almost mad, and in that state, increased his irritation, until the horse, no longer able to bear it, ran with the dragoon upon his back into the river, and there threw him, leaving him to rise no more, but as a corpse, which happened in the presence of nearly an hundred spectators, who, perhaps, felt less for the fate of the unhappy sufferer, on account of his well-known disposition

tion to torment the horse, and alarm the public.

CHESTER COCKING.

Sir P. Warburton.	M.	B.
Monday	5	1
Tuesday	3	0
Wednesday	3	2
Thursday	6	0
Friday	4	1
	21	4

Sir H. M. Mainwaring.	M.	B.
Monday	2	1
Tuesday	4	2
Wednesday	5	0
Thursday	2	2
Friday	4	0
	17	5

FEEDERS.—Gilliver for Sir Peter Warburton, and Gosling for Sir H. M. Mainwaring.

A SILVER cup and cover was shot for on Monday, the 10th inst. at Basing Heath, Surrey, by twelve Members, at five guineas each, two forfeit, at twelve pigeons. A Mr. Bird killed all his birds, as did also Mr. Knowlys, and in shooting off the ties the former gentleman killed eleven others, and won the prize. Five killed eleven birds, three bagged ten, one nine, and the other eight. Unlimited charge was allowed, and it was altogether very expert shooting, seldom rivalled.

ON Tuesday, the 20th, and Wednesday, the 21st ult. a match of cricket was played on Twyford Down, between four brothers of the name of Holloway, of Winchester, against a father and three sons, of the name of Wells, of Farnham, which was decided in favour of the former by sixteen runs. This match excited much interest, and many considerable bets were depending; at the commencement, two to one was laid in favour of the Farnham players.

ON Saturday, the 1st instant, a labouring man, of the parish of Clare, Suffolk, weighing only 9st. 6lb. undertook, for a trifling wager, to carry three bushels of wheat, weighing 13st. 7lb. three miles, without resting. He accomplished the task in fifty-eight minutes, to the surprise of many who witnessed the exertion.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Saturday, the 1st instant, Wood, the pedestrian, ran ten miles, on the race-ground at Pontefract, for a wager of 100gs. which he won, having run the distance five minutes and several seconds within the hour, which was the time allowed. The Brighton Shepherd was his attendant.

On Thursday, the 20th instant, Abraham Wood undertook for a wager of 100gs. to run ten miles and a half over Doncaster race-course in one hour, which he performed in grand style half a minute within the time. This great pedestrian challenges any man in England to run from ten to fifty miles for 100gs. The Brighton Shepherd, also for a considerable wager, engaged to run a mile in four minutes, at four starts, within the hour, which he performed sixteen seconds under the time.

On Monday, the 10th, —— Leith started at Dunford, Herts, for a wager of 100 guineas, to perform 100 miles in 20 hours, on a five-mile piece of ground. He started at the rate of five miles in an hour, and performed that distance regularly for eight hours; after resting a quarter of an hour, he

He resumed his journey, and kept steady at his pace another five hours, having done 65 miles, when he appeared fatigued, and made a halt of half an hour. He got on to 90 miles in $18\frac{1}{2}$ hours, but was unable to proceed further, and the match was lost.

A young man named Scallan, undertook to run, in the space of an hour, from Belfast to Maguire's Bridge, Ireland, on Saturday, the 1st instant, a distance of seven Irish miles, over as hilly and trying a road as perhaps any in the kingdom, for a bet of 200 guineas. He not only accomplished the task, but ran a quarter of a mile farther, all in the space of fifty-five minutes and a half, outstripping, for the last mile, the best trotting horses in the country. The concourse of spectators was incredible, every inch of the way being lined, and several thousands collected on Maguire's Bridge, to witness this extraordinary performance.

Pugilism.—A casual boxing match, attended with serious consequences to one of the parties engaged, took place in a parlour in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury on Saturday, the 8th, between Gregson and Jay. The set-to was occasioned by the latter going into a room where Gregson was taking refreshment, and peremptorily demanding of him to fight for a *lark*, which was not at first noticed, but Gregson's forbearance was at length set aside by the provoking epithets made use of, and by Jay menacing him in a pugilistic attitude. On setting to, some hits were exchanged about the body in the first round, and Jay was thrown. In the second, Gregson missed a left-handed hit, and Jay rallied at the body, but Gregson planted a right-handed hit on his adversary's throat, and he went down. In the third round, Gregson missed his adversary's head again with his left hand, and doubled his arm in a corner of the room, which broke the main bone below the elbow. He mentioned it at the time, but he fought on and gathered himself up for a right-handed hit in the fourth round, which he planted with violence enough to fell a bullock on Jay's forehead. Jay was stunned, but he fought two other rounds, and Gregson beat him with his right hand. Jay remained some time in a state of stupor. Gregson's arm was set, and he is in a fair way of recovery.

Boxing on a New Stage.—Monday, the 17th, a desperate battle was fought between George Sullivan, a coal-heaver, and one Timmins, a carman, for 2l. a-side, in the *room of a lighter*, near Puddle-dock, Thames-street. The combat, which was very severe, lasted 54 minutes, when the former was declared victor.

A severe pitched battle was fought on Wednesday, the 12th, on Oakley-green, near Colebrook, for 20 guineas, between George Schooley and Jeffrey Haans. They fought forty-seven rounds, under the disadvantage of a broken bone each, and the battle was drawn after an hour and seventeen minutes' hard fighting, and the stake divided between the champions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We apprehend the favour of "A Sportsman," has already appeared in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A NEW HUNTING SONG,
In favour of Lord Lonsdale's Hunt.

BY W. R. OF STAMFORD.

To the Tune, "*Come away, Come away.*"

THIS fine-looking morn, which the fields do adorn,
Is enliven'd and rous'd by the sound of the horn;
Then Sportsmen make haste, to cover let's away,
And taste of the gay sports of hunting to day.
And taste, &c.

Mount your high-mettled steeds, for the pastime prepare,
And in chasing the Fox we shall *snuff* the fresh air;
Let the bucks of the great town their pleasure pursue,
We bucks of the field, other game have in view.
We bucks, &c.

Lord Lonsdale's fleet hounds, which are known to be good,
Are echoing their musical notes through the wood;
Sly Reynard much fears them, and dreads to depart,
For conscious he is they will soon break his heart.
For conscious, &c.

Hark! Ringwood and Towler, two very good hounds,
They're brushing him out, how sweet theis note sounds;
Let the Bang-up's of London, their pleasure pursue,
We Fox-hunters here, other game have in view.
We Fox-hunters, &c.

" He's off, gone away," the huntsman loud cries,
Smack, twang goes his whip, and o'er hedges he flies;
Follow, follow, my nobles, let's leave the *rough train*
Of the *fence-breaking* sportsmen, to gaze on the plain.
Of the fence breaking, &c.

O'er hills and o'er dales, how delightful we go,
When running the Fox, with " Hark forward," " Tally-ho;"
Let the full bloods of Bond-street, their pastime pursue,
We bloods of the field other game have in view.
We bloods, &c.

A chase of four hours with very strong scent,
At three quarters speed, so dashing we went;
Till old Ren. being pressed, and quite out of breath,
He turn'd, and the hounds fought, to save him from death.
He turn'd, &c.

View the field at this moment, with hunters adorn'd,
Hark! hark! from yon wood the sweet sound of the horn;
Let the bucks who delight in such heavenly sport,
To the sweet Vill of Cottesmore, for hunting resort.
To the sweet, &c.

Then

Then pastime like this, who can but admire,
Acteon would say, such the gods might inspire;
For of all the delights to pass away time,
There is nothing like hunting, women, and wine.
There is, &c.

With these and of health, be the blessings we boast,
And at night o'er our glass, we'll give as a toast—
May each buck who's taste does to hunting extend,
Ne'er want a good horse, a bottle, or friend.
Ne'er want, &c.

THE DYING SPANIEL.

By Dr. Wolcot.

IN sorrow, dear Tray, I visit thy bed;
In sorrow thy weakness deplore.
Poor fellow, thou liftest thy languishing head,
To look on thy Master once more.

Of death may'st thou feel not the torturing dart,
That forces poor Nature to weep;
May thy breath, thy last breath, like a zephyr depart,
And thine eye wear the image of sleep.

In Winter, at morn, how we wander'd away,
In pursuit both of pleasure and fame;
How wearied ourselves, till the close of the day,
Then in triumph return'd with our game.

Midst the thicket, or wood, when thy voice I have heard,
I was sure that some treasure was nigh:
Thus, confiding in thee, my gun I prepared;
For thou never didst tell me a lie.

Thou ne'er didst refuse the furze, bramble, or thorn,
When I bade thee discover a bird;
Tho' thy hair and thy limbs might be wretchedly torn,
Still obedient wert thou to my word.

But no more shall we rise at the peep of the light,
O'er the hills and the vallies to roam,
In pursuit of our sport, till the shadows of night,
Bid us, weary, return to our home.

Think not with this life that thy mem'ry will end,
Till mem'ry shall vanish from me;
I ne'er can forget a faithful old friend,
And that faithful old friend will be *thee*.

Whene'er, at our club, brother sportsmen I join,
Who the pow'rs of their spaniels display,
The province so pleasing shall always be mine,
To drink to the shade of poor Tray.

DR. SYNTAX AND MINE HOSTESS;

OR, THE

INN BILL DISPUTED.

From "A Tour in search of the Picturesque."

BEHOLD him then, renew'd by rest,
His chin well shav'd, his peruke drest,
Conning with solemn air the news,
His welcome breakfast to amuse;—
And when the well-fed meal was o'er,
Grizzle was order'd to the door;
Betty was also told to say,
The mighty sum there was to pay.
Betty, obedient to his will,
Her curt'sy makes, and gives the bill.
Down the long page he cast his eye,
Then shook his head, and heav'd a sigh.
"What! am I doom'd, where'er I go,
In all I meet to find a foe?
Where'er I wander to be cheated,
To be bamboozled and ill-treated?"
Thus, as he read each item o'er,
The hostess op'd the parlour door;
When Syntax rose in solemn state,
And thus began the fierce debate:—

Syntax.

"Good woman; here, your bill retake,
And, prythee, some abatement make:
I could not such demands afford,
Were I a Bishop or a Lord;
And though I hold myself as good
As any of my brotherhood,
Howe'er, by bounteous Fortune crown'd,
In wealth and honour they abound,

It is not in my pow'r to pay
Such long-drawn bills as well as they.
The paper fills me with affright;
I surely do not read it right;
For, at the bottom here, I see
Th' enormous total—one pound, three!"

Hostess.

"The charges all are fairly made;
If you will eat, I must be paid.
My bills have never found reproaches
From Lords and Ladies, in their coaches.
This house, that's call'd the Royal Crown,
Is the first inn throughout the town;
And the best gentry, ev'ry day,
Become my guests, and freely pay:
Besides, I took you in at night,
Half-dead with hunger and affright,
Just scap'd from robbers."——

Syntax.

——————"That's most true,
And now I'm to be robb'd by you."

Hostess.

"Sir, you mistake; and did not I
Disdain rude words, I'd say—you lie.
I took you in last night, I say"—

Syntax.

"'Tis true;—and, if this bill I pay,
You'll *take me in* again to-day."

Hostess.

"I gave you all my choicest cheer,
The best of meat, the best of beer:
And then you snor'd yourself to rest
In the best bed,—I say the best.
You've had such tea as few can boast,
With a whole loaf turn'd into toast."

Syntax.

"And for your beef, and beer, and tea,
You kindly charge me—one pound, three!"

Hostess.

"'Tis cheap as dirt,—for well I know,
How things with country Curates go:
And I profess that I am loth
To deal unkindly with the cloth;
Nay, oft and oft, as I'm a sinner,
I've given hungry Clerks a dinner."

Syntax.

"And there's a proverb, as they say,
That for the Clerks the Parsons pay;
Which you, I trow, can well fulfil,
Whene'er you make a Parson's bill.
Why, one pound three, the truth I speak,
Would keep my household for a week.
Dear Mrs. Syntax, how she'd vapour
Were she to read this curious paper!"

Hostess.

"If that's your living, on my life
You starve your servants and your wife."

Syntax.

"I wish my wife were here to meet you,
In your own fashion she would greet you;
With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,
She'd make you, Mistress, change your bill."

Hostess.

"Think you, besides, there's nought to pay
For all your horse's corn and hay?
And ointments too to cure the ail
Of her cropp'd ears, and mangled tail!"

Syntax.

"I wish the wight would bring the shears
Which dock'd that tail and cropp'd those ears,
And just exert the self-same skill
To crop and dock your monstrous bill.
But I'm in haste to get away,
Tho' one pound three, I will not pay;
So, if you'll take one half th' amount,
We'll quickly settle the account.
There is the money, do you see?
And let us part in charity."

Hostess.

"Well, as a charitable deed,
I'll e'en consent—so, mount your steed,
And on your journey straight proceed;
But well you know, where'er you roam,
That charity begins at home."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS MAN.

An old Story new revived.

THRICE seven years have passed away,
Said Billy to his lord one day,
Since I to you was bound.
Your boots I've clean'd, your medicine made,
But now 'tis time I learn'd the trade,
And rest from labour found.

Let me with you your patients see,
That I may soon a doctor be,
And wear a wig like you.

The

The master smiled, then moved assent,
Away, delighted, Billy went;
Went, said I? nay, he flew.

He brushed his coat, he combed his hair,
Then cleaned his shoes with wond'rous care,
And made himself quite neat;
In short you scarcely would have known,
The lad so neat and cleanly grown,
When next he walked the street.

Along the dirty streets they paced,
Until they reached a house at last,
Where a sick tradesman lay;
The man and master entered both;
Billy behind, was something loth,
And almost cursed that day:

For he had heard that fevers bad,
(The thought itself half drove him mad)
By infection might be caught;
Up to the sick man's bed he crept,
There trembling stood, the sick man slept,
Meantime his master sought

Beneath the bed the *po de sham*,
And, the old nurse and wife to cram,
Por'd in it with anxious eye;
Hey day, what's here, the doctor cries,
And lifted up his hands and eyes,
I fear, ma'am, he will die.

You've given oysters to the man,
The worst of all the things you can,
Confess now, is it true?
Indeed, good Sir, the servant said,
My master as he lay in bed,
Said he could eat a few.

Well, as 'tis done we'll try to mend,
A draught and boluses I'll send,
Nurse, you know how to give 'em;
Good morning, nurse, good morning, ma'am,
For heaven's sake, your spirits calm,
Your husband may outlive 'em.

Good, Sir, said Billy, is it meet,
As soon as they had reach'd the street,
To ask a question now?
How did you know the man had got
Oysters, by looking in the pot,
Dear master tell me how?

In physic, William, there is much
In deep mysterious looks, and such;
These are the cap and bells
To please old women and weak heads,
Know, then, that underneath the beds,
I saw the oyster shells.

Though Billy scarcely understood
His master's speech, this maxim good
He treasured in his head;
Whene'er his morning round he took,
To 'tend the sick, always to look
Under the patient's bed.

Two days passed on, the tradesman lived:
Ere Billy on the third arrived,
Stern death his victim took.
Alas, thought he, 'tis mortals lot,
Yet think not, readers, he forgot
Beneath the bed to look.

Alas, he cried, 'twas very wrong,
'Twould kill a man five times as strong
When ill, so much to eat;
Then having made his parting bow,
Thought he, my master this shall know,
When in the shop we meet.

His master found, the lad began,
And thus the sad narration ran,
Oh master, worse and worse;
The tradesman died, Sir, yesterday,
You cannot wonder, when I say
The man did eat a horse.

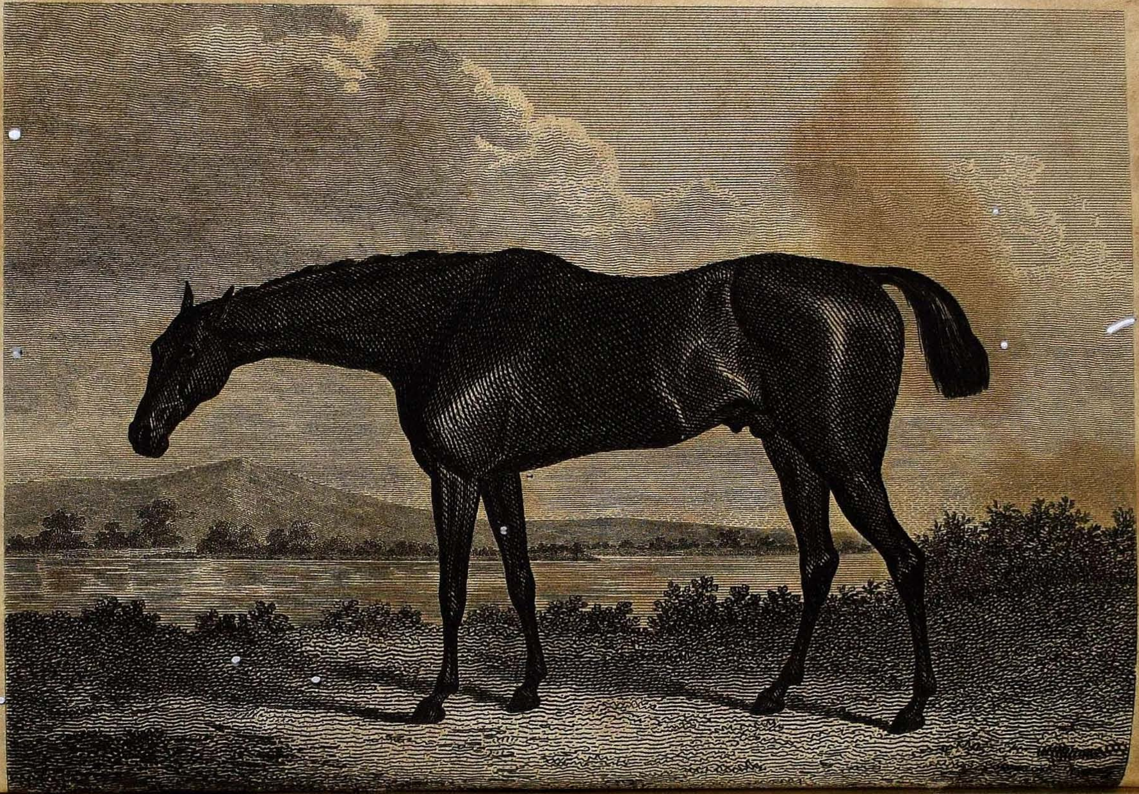
What do you mean, the master cries,
Don't tell me such confounded lies,
You scoundrel, you grow idle:
Nay, don't be angry, Billy said,
I'm sure I saw beneath the bed
The saddle and the bridle.

R. P——R.

TO LINK-BOYS.

A Comparison.

CUPID and HYMEN bear two Link-boy forms,
But, ah! they carry *very* different torches!
The flame of *this* burns *gently*, and but *warms*,
The flame of *that* burns fiercely, and it *scorches*.

This, without boasting, guides your steps aright,
And cheers your path of life with steady fire;
That chatters much about his brilliant light,
And lights—then leaves—"*your honour*" in the mire.

This, in sweet *union* takes you by the *hand*,
And by degrees, conducts you to a *carriage*;
That leads you to a *hackney* on the stand,
Calls you his *fare*—but never mentions *marriage*!